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SIXPENCE

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KEEPING UP THE ENTENTE CORDIALE: THE KING'S CHAT EN ROUTE WITH M. LOUBET.

DRAWN BY L. SABATTIER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN FRANCE.

Three-quarters of an hour from Paris, at the station of Pierrefitte, M. Loubet joined King Edward's train, and the two chief representatives, and, indeed, makers of the Entente Cordiale, renewed acquaintance during the rest of the journey to the French capital. His Majesty carried on his knee his favourite little dog.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"What a chance for an Anarchist!" muttered a sardonic humorist in my ear at the dinner to Mr. Frederick Greenwood. A timely parcel of dynamite would have blown up a remarkable company. This suggestion made Fleet Street, in my mind's eye, so desolate that some considerable journals had to appoint a printer's devil to the editorial chair. "Editors!" continued my sardonic friend, pursuing his grim fancy, "what a gloriously clean sweep of 'em! They are mixed up with too many contributors here, or our Anarchist might have seized his opportunity. Do you think he has disguised himself as a waiter, and thrust an article under every editor's plate with this warning in red ink: 'Reject this, and there will be a bomb in your basement before you're a week older'?" He went on in this strain for some time, remarking, amongst other things, that if we were asked to contribute to a new edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" our views about editors, what a noble burst of candid eloquence would glow under the letter "E"! To these inopportune sentiments I answered that the gathering that evening was a great moral lesson, for which the assembled editors would probably be the wiser and better. If they would only profit by the example of Mr. Greenwood, that great befriender of young ambition, would not the future of their immortal souls be considerably brightened?

When Mr. Greenwood was editor of the *St. James's Gazette*, he invented Mr. Barrie. So Mr. Barrie told us in his modest, irresistible way; and we looked at Mr. Greenwood with new interest, for was he not the grandfather of Peter Pan? But many of us in that room could have told stories of his patient kindness. I remember the time, long years ago, when I had an ambition to write verses in the manner, the admirable manner, of Mr. Andrew Lang. Verses, as a rule, do not commend themselves to the editor of a daily paper; and when I sent mine to Mr. Greenwood I was not very sanguine. But his treatment of them was peculiar. As far as I could judge, he had four courses open to him—the traditional three, and one over. He might have printed the verses straight off; and had they resembled Mr. Lang's, this, no doubt, is what he would have done. He might have dropped them into the waste-paper basket; that would not have been unusual. He might have sent them back with a note of polite evasion; that, again, would have accorded with precedent. Fourthly, he might have sent them back with the kindly suggestion that I should write them over again, and write them differently. That would have been generous encouragement, according to the average standard of editorial generosity, which, I am told, is not transcendental. But Mr. Greenwood did none of these things. He rewrote those verses himself!

Just consider what that meant. It was not a case of retouching an article; it was a serious effort, demanding thought and art. This busy man, who was criticising the policy of Mr. Gladstone every day—in itself, one might have supposed, a sufficient task for the most energetic mortal—had found time to recast my humble rhymes with such skill that when I saw them in print, for one dazzling moment I had the illusion that they were not so desperately unlike Mr. Lang after all! When I told Mr. Barrie this story, he said in an awe-struck voice: "Eh, man! but I've known him to rewrite my Scotch!" Much was said at the dinner about the purchase of the Suez Canal shares, that famous stroke of national policy which we owe to Mr. Greenwood's divining brain. But for him, the thing would never have been done; and his account of the whole transaction, narrated for the first time, came upon us with the magic of history from a man who has made it. It had a piquancy, too, at that table; for some of the distinguished persons who sat around Mr. Greenwood had opposed the policy which he suggested, and Disraeli adopted, thirty years ago. Many public men have had signal honours for services not comparable with Mr. Greenwood's; but he has been content all these years to hold his peace, and ask for nothing. It seems to me that the nation has something to repair; that a recognition of a patriotic and disinterested sagacity is still due from the most exalted quarter. But somehow this does not touch me so nearly as those other obligations to Mr. Greenwood. After all, what monument can you give the man who corrected my verses and Mr. Barrie's Scotch?

That backward glance on our political history reminds me that it is just thirty years this coming Easter since I first saw Henry Irving's Hamlet. Down to the minutest detail, it is one of my most vivid and stirring memories; and as I sat at the Adelphi the other night, and heard Mr. H. B. Irving's Hamlet say: "Methinks I see my father," the words had a strange significance for me. I could see his father quite plainly. Father and son were so alike, and yet so unlike; for this younger Hamlet has a striking

individuality all his own. Between them, I imagine, they have established a tradition which will prove enduring. Hamlets will continue to stretch out to the crack of doom; but they are not likely to revert to the old school, which was rhetorical or nothing. I see that one critic congratulates Mr. H. B. Irving on a Hamlet who never argues, or scolds, or raises his voice above the tone of a reflective man "thinking aloud." If Hamlet merely thought aloud in his speeches to Ophelia and his mother, those ladies would not be so disturbed as they are. Both have a very strong impression that the young man is demented, and that impression would be decidedly weakened if he said, "Get thee to a nunnery," and "Rebellious hell, if thou canst mutine in a matron's bones," in the key of ordinary conversation. "My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time," he says to his mother; but he must make our pulses beat more than usual; and he would scarcely do that if he didn't fall a-cursing, and then reproach himself for unpacking his heart with words.

But it was the primal, elder manner to keep Hamlet on stilts all the time. Well do I remember how the first Henry Irving was rebuked for disregarding this great principle! How the bludgeons flew thirty years ago! There were grave and reverend signiors who insisted that Hamlet must never think aloud, and that the actor who sat down on a chair in a negligent attitude, and spoke "To be or not to be," as if the ideas were just passing through his mind, was guilty of a sacrilege which should make every lover of Shakspeare yearn to drink hot blood. We don't get into these passions now. If those old critics could see "Hamlet" at the Adelphi—well, I believe they would burst their arteries. Luckily their perturbed spirits are at rest. Perhaps we are a little too placid nowadays. When the bludgeons flew, it was not bad for the drama. Everybody rushed to the theatre to see the audacious innovator, and to take his side or look about for a fresh cudgel. Thus the first Irving Hamlet pursued his stormy but triumphant way. His dynastic successor has fared very differently. The acclamations are general, the objections very mild. Now, I admire Mr. H. B. Irving's impersonation very much; but I think we should stimulate the public interest with a flash or two of the old rage. Bless my soul, Sir! do you know that this young Hamlet, this undergraduate from Wittenberg, actually slaps the face of gentle Rosencrantz? Shade of Phelps, shall this be endured? If we could only get the steam up, a little criticism of this sort might cause a useful commotion.

I see the music-publishers are up in arms. Nineteen of them announce that they will publish no more new songs, pay no more fees to singers, and curtail their advertisements. They are provoked to this extreme course by the impunity of the music-pirates, the failure of legislation, and the apathy of the public. Last year a Musical Copyright Bill was strangled in the House of Commons. The object of this measure was to make piracy a criminal offence. In plain language, your pirate is a thief, and ought to get six months' "hard." But, as Hamlet observes, nothing is good or bad but thinking makes it so; and if the public does not think the pirate a thief, there will be no popular backing for efforts to give him that character. The Bill of last year was actually resisted on the plea that stolen ditties are the cheapest. If publisher and composer are robbed, no matter; the people must have cheap songs. Not the slightest stir was caused by this remarkable argument. No stigma fell on the street-hawker who makes a capital livelihood by selling stolen goods. Paterfamilias took home penny or twopenny songs to his family; and a highly respectable household was made harmonious with melodies cheapened by thieving.

The existing law does inflict the penalty of confiscation, which harms nobody. When pirated songs are confiscated after a great deal of trouble, the pirate simply prints some more, and the business goes on as merrily as ever. If he were locked up, had his hair cropped, and wore the Government arrow for a season, he would lose his taste for this employment. Why, in the name of sense, are the rights of property in music to lack the protection accorded to other property? Why should not paterfamilias be made to understand that knowingly to buy pirated music is to be an accessory after the fact, and a very dishonest fact? Copyright music should be cheaper, no doubt; so should gold watches; but when you steal them you are not regarded as a desirable member of society. Well, it took ever so many years to establish copyright in books, for there was a popular notion, greatly favoured by lawyers, that mere printed matter belonged to everybody, like the atmosphere. Few, if any, ideas are original; why should they be yours commercially merely because you put your name to them? One song, it seems, is very like another; and the citizen who would never dream of receiving stolen boots does not see why the mere publisher should fix the price and the composer get his royalty. Besides, a song is a mere collection of sounds indicated by black marks on a sheet of paper. Call that "property"? Pooh!

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"ALICE SIT-BY-THE-FIRE," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.

Once more, in his new play, "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire," Mr. J. M. Barrie proves himself the Robin Goodfellow of our stage; once more his freakish imagination and audacious humour have combined to produce a burlesque fantasy as ingenious as it is delightful. Ere now, in both "Little Mary" and "Peter Pan," their author has charmed his legion of admirers by half-tender, half-mirthful treatment of the maternal instinct; this time, blending no less successfully sentiment with fun, he shows us a family of serious children mothering their light-hearted mother, and, with youth's intolerance, calmly expecting her to grow suddenly sedate, and "sit by the fire" while she is still full of youthful vivacity. Simultaneously Mr. Barrie has seen his chance of scarifying the problem-drama of sex with its eternal triangular situation. So he asks us to imagine a girl of seventeen, whose parents have just returned home from long Indian exile, concluding from a study of stage-plays that her mother must have got a lover, and adopting all the tricks of drawing-room melodrama to prevent her from compromising her reputation. The cream of the joke is that the mother sees through and humours her daughter's devices. In less scrupulous hands than Mr. Barrie's such a *motif* might have given offence; as it is, the innocence of both women makes the girl's protective manoeuvres as droll as they are touching. Practically, of course, there are but two parts in the piece (though Miss Hilda Trevelyan makes much of a "slavey" rôle), and to say that Miss Ellen Terry impersonates the mother with all her merry, spontaneous buoyancy; and that Miss Irene Vanbrugh plays the girl, with just the right tone of childish earnestness—is to imply that both parts are perfectly rendered. Mr. Barrie even provides the first piece at the Duke of York's, a dainty fable about an elderly "Pantolon" and his rebellious daughter, in which Mr. Gerald Du Maurier represents the pantolon with real feeling for character and surprising breadth of style.

"OTHELLO" AT THE SHAFTESBURY.

The pluck of Miss Tita Brand in starting her management of the Shaftesbury Theatre with a Shakspearean production is altogether commendable; and, quite apart from the general merit which her supporters possess of rendering their blank verse with a due appreciation of rhythm and poetic values, there are not a few interesting features in the latest interpretation of "Othello." The Iago, for instance, of Mr. J. H. Barnes is conceived mainly on the right lines—not an obvious, scowling, self-revealed villain, but a hearty, blunt, "honest" Iago of genial voice and frank demeanour. Where the actor falls short is in making his Iago too commonplace; in failing to suggest the satisfaction of the man in a sense of power and intellectual superiority; the joy of the creative artist in manipulating a drama of which the actors are his flesh-and-blood comrades. A performance of even greater merit is the Cassio of Mr. Henry Ainley, whose drunken scene, perfectly natural and singularly affecting, is the most impressive piece of acting in the Shaftesbury revival; while Miss Granville's Emilia is a telling impersonation despite a certain modernity of tone. As for the Othello of Mr. Hubert Carter, though starting at too great a pitch of intensity, though lacking in light and shade, though alternating in diction too monotonously between a low whisper and rhetorical fervour, this performance has the temperament and smouldering passion of Southern races; it is ferocious with an entirely appropriate ferocity. Miss Brand's Desdemona, on the other hand, is a wonderful *tour-de-force* in very defiance of nature. Destined by physique, by strenuousness of voice, for a Brunnhilde or a Lady Macbeth, the actress chooses to play the gentle, submissive Desdemona. She secures the appearance of gentleness and sweetness, but at the cost of self-suppression.

PARLIAMENT.

The Budget is rather humdrum, more interesting to tea-drinkers than to income-tax payers. Mr. Austen Chamberlain admitted last year that the income-tax payers would have the first claim to relief; but he has not relieved them. The tax remains a shilling in the pound, an exorbitant figure, as the Chancellor said, in time of peace. The twopence extra imposed on tea last year is taken off. This accounts for £1,550,000 out of an estimated surplus of £2,972,000. A million more goes to the Sinking Fund. Mr. Austen Chamberlain laid stress on the heavy decline in the yield from Excise. He attributed this to the change in the habits of the people, who found it possible to amuse themselves without drinking so much. But how was this deficiency in the revenue to be made up in future years?

More Army debates and more assaults on Mr. Arnold-Forster's scheme, which was accused, among other things, of obscurity. The War Secretary said that if his critics would study it carefully, it would become quite plain to them. He saw no difficulty in carrying on long service and short service concurrently, and denied that his policy would injure either the Militia or the Volunteers.

Another demonstration against Mr. Balfour was organised on the night of the Brighton election. Mr. Lloyd-George and Mr. Winston Churchill commented in bitter terms on the Prime Minister's absence when they wanted to talk to him. They sent him messages by Sir A. Acland Hood, who, there is reason to suspect, does not deliver them.

The Deceased Wife's Sister Bill was read a second time by a majority of 85, and referred to the Standing Committee on Law.

LONDON AND NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY.

EASTER HOLIDAYS.

CHEAP EXCURSIONS will be run from EUSTON, KENSINGTON (Addison Road), BROAD STREET, WOOLWICH, GREENWICH, WILKINSON JUNCTION, and other London Stations as follows—

ON WEDNESDAY, APRIL 19,

to Ireland for 16 days.

ON WEDNESDAY NIGHT, APRIL 19,

to Blackpool, Carlisle, English Lake District, Furness Line Stations, Liverpool, Manchester, Maryport, Preston, Stockport, Warrington, and principal Stations in Lancashire, returning April 24, 25, and 26.

ON THURSDAY, APRIL 20,

to North of Ireland, via Greenore, for 16 days.

To Birmingham, Birmingham District, Blackpool, Bolton, Bradford, Burton, Buxton, Chester, Derby, English Lake District, Furness Line Stations, Leicester, Liverpool, Manchester, Northampton, North Staffordshire Stations, Rugby, Preston, Southport, Stockport, Warrington, and principal Stations in Lancashire and Yorkshire, returning April 24, 25, and 26.

To North, South, and Central Wales, returning April 24, 25, and 26.

ON THURSDAY NIGHT, APRIL 20,

to Carlisle, Liverpool, Manchester, Maryport, Stockport, Warrington, and principal Stations in Lancashire, returning on April 24, 25, and 26.

To Carlisle and Scotland, returning April 24, and within 18 days.

ON FRIDAY, APRIL 21,*

to Birmingham District, Northampton, Rugby, returning same day and on April 22, 24, and 25.

ON SATURDAY NIGHT, APRIL 22,

to Crewe, Liverpool, Manchester, Oldham, Rugby, Stockport, Warrington, &c., returning April 24, 25, 26, and 29.

ON MONDAY, APRIL 24,*

to Birmingham District, Northampton, Rugby, returning same day and on April 25 and 29.

ON EVERY SATURDAY UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE,*

to Bedford, Bicester, Bletchley, Bilsborrow, Brackley, Buckingham, Leighton, Rugby, Wolston Sands, and Wolston, returning same day or following Sunday or Monday.

To Newport Pagnell, returning same day or following Monday.

* No bookings from Woolwich or Greenwich by these trips.

CHEAP TICKET-AND TICKETS

w'll be issued on Thursday, Friday, where train service permits, and Saturday, April 20, 21, and 22, to Aberystwyth, Barmouth, Carlisle, Church Stretton, Grange, Lancaster, Loughborough, Llandudno, Llanwrtyd, Llangammarch, Malvern, Morecambe, North Wales, Stratford-on-Avon, Widenmore, Alderley, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Greenock, Inverness, Montrose, Olan, Perth, Stirling, and other places, available for return any day except day of issue up to and including the following Tuesday.

For Times, Fares, and full particulars see Bills, which can be obtained at the Stations and Parcel Receiving Offices; or on application to Enquiry Office, Euston Station, London, N.W.

FREDERICK HARRISON, General Manager.

London, April 1905.

LONDON AND NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY.

GREENORE (CARLINGFORD LOUGH, IRELAND).

Excellent accommodation is provided at the LONDON AND NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY COMPANIES' HOTEL at GREENORE, the improvement and enlargement of which have been completed. Conveniently arranged Bungalows have also been erected in a pleasant situation facing Carlingford Lough.

GOLF LINKS (9 HOLE COURSE) and Club House have also been provided by the Company, and these RESIDENTS IN THE HOTEL HAVE FREE USE. Full pension from 70s. per week.

Passengers, with Through Tickets between England and the North of Ireland are allowed to break the Journey at Greenore.

Euston Station, 1905.

FREDERICK HARRISON, General Manager.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.

EASTER ARRANGEMENTS.

COOK'S EXCURSIONS from ST. PANCRAS (with bookings from City, Greenwich, and Woolwich Stations).

Destination.	Date.	Period.
Londonderry, via Heysham ..	Tuesday, April 18	16 days.
Dublin, Dublin, Galway, Sligo, Killarney, and the South and West of Ireland, via Liverpool and via Heysham ..	Wednesday, April 19	16 days.
Belfast, Londonderry, Portlaoine, and the North of Ireland, via Heysham, via Barrow, via Liverpool, and via Stranmillis and Larne ..	Wednesday, April 19	16 days.
Londonderry, via Liverpool ..	Thursday, April 20	16 days.
North of England, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Aberdeen, Dundee, and other parts of Scotland ..	Thursday, April 20	5 or 18 days.
All parts of the Midlands, Lancashire, Yorkshire, Lake District, &c. ..	Thursday, April 20	5, 6, or 9 days.
Leicester, Loughborough, Nottingham, Sheffield, Leeds, Bradford, Warrington, Liverpool, Stockport, and Manchester ..	Thursday, April 20	4, 5, or 8 days.
Leicester, Loughborough, Nottingham, Sheffield, Leeds, Bradford, Warrington, Liverpool, Stockport, and Manchester ..	Thursday, April 20	2, 3, 4, 5, 6, or 7 days.
Leicester, Loughborough, and Nottingham ..	Monday, April 24	1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, or 7 days.
Birmingham ..	Monday, April 24	1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, or 7 days.
St. Albans, Harpenden, Luton, Bedford, and Kettering ..	Monday, April 24	One day.

EASTER MONDAY EXCURSIONS.

Destination.	Date.	Period.
Leicester, Loughborough, and Nottingham ..	Monday, April 24	1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, or 7 days.
Birmingham ..	Monday, April 24	1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, or 7 days.
St. Albans, Harpenden, Luton, Bedford, and Kettering ..	Monday, April 24	One day.

SOUTHEAST-ON-SEA.

On GOOD FRIDAY, EASTER SUNDAY, MONDAY, and TUESDAY, Day Excursion Tickets will be issued to SOUTHEAST and WESTCLIFFE-ON-SEA, in addition to the week-end tickets, as announced on special bills.

HALF-DAY AND WEEK-ENDS IN THE COUNTRY.

Every Saturday, until further notice, to Fittick, Ampthill, Turvey, Olney, Piddington, Bedford, Welton, and Kettering.

EXTENSION OF WEEK-END TICKETS.

Week-end Tickets will be issued on Thursday, April 20, as well as on Friday and Saturday, April 21 and 22, from London (St. Pancras) to the PRINCIPAL SEASIDE AND INLAND HOLIDAY RESORTS, including the Peak District of Derbyshire, Morecambe, Lake District, Yorkshire, the North-East Coast, and Scotland, available for return on any day (where train service permits) up to and including the following Tuesday, April 25, except day of issue.

TICKETS, BILLS, &c., may be had at ST. PANCRAS and other MIDLAND STATIONS and CITY BOOKING OFFICES, and from THOS. COOK and SON, Ltd., London, and Branch Offices.

Derby, April 1905.

JOHN MATHIESON, General Manager.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

EASTER HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS

TO SCOTLAND,

NORTH OF ENGLAND,

YORKSHIRE, LANCASHIRE,

MIDLANDS AND EASTERN COUNTIES.

Cheap Tickets will be issued to EDINBURGH and SCOTLAND generally.

NEWCASTLE,

SUNDERLAND,

SCARBOROUGH,

YORK,

BRIDLINGTON,

MULL,

SHEFFIELD,

MANCHESTER,

HARROGATE,

LEEDS,

BRADFORD,

HALIFAX,

NOTTINGHAM,

DERBY,

LINCOLN,

GRIMSBY, &c., &c.

For full particulars see programmes, to be obtained at the Company's Stations, Town Offices, and Agencies.

OLIVER BURY, General Manager.

LONDON AND SOUTH WESTERN RAILWAY.

EASTER EXCURSIONS

From LONDON (WATERLOO) and certain SUBURBAN STATIONS, to the PRINCIPAL HEALTH AND PLEASURE RESORTS OF THE

SUNNY SOUTH,

AND SOUTH-WEST COASTS.

DEVON, CORNWALL,

&c., including

ILFRACOMBE, EXETER, PLYMOUTH, Wadebridge, Camelford, Padstow, Lyme Regis, Swanage, WEYMOUTH, BOURNEMOUTH, the ISLE OF WIGHT, &c.

EXTRA TRAINS AND SPECIAL FACILITIES for Passengers holding Ordinary and Week-End Tickets.

PARIS AT EASTER.

14-Day EXCURSION TICKETS, from WATERLOO, &c., via Southampton, to the FRENCH COAST, for

PARIS, NORMANDY, BRITANNY, &c.;

Also to the CHANNEL ISLANDS.

For full particulars see Programmes, obtainable at the Company's Stations and Offices, or from Mr. Henry Holmes, Superintendent of the Line, Waterloo Station, S.E.

CHAS. J. OWENS, General Manager.

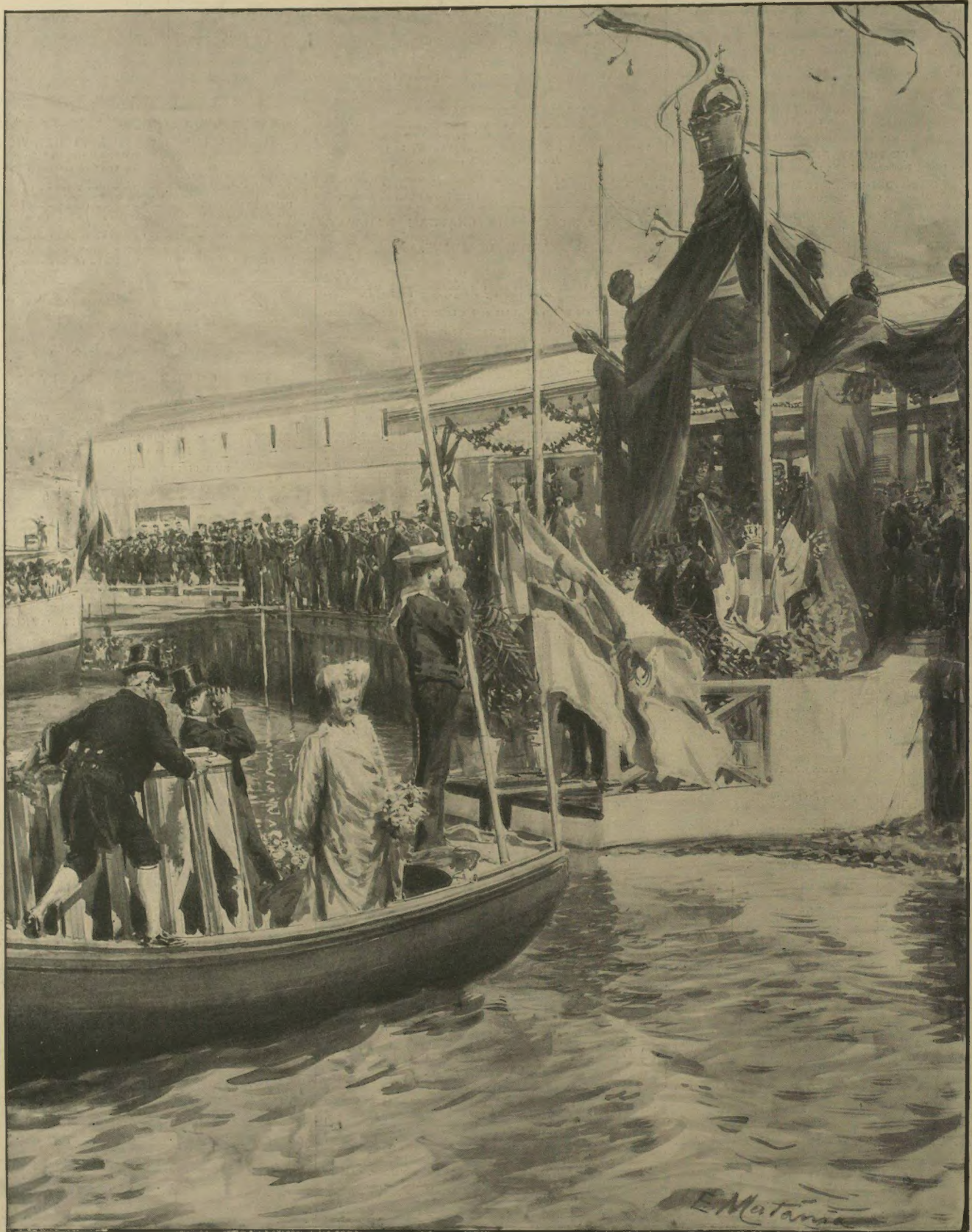
SOUTH EASTERN AND CHATHAM RAILWAY.

EASTER HOLIDAYS.

PARIS, via FOLKESTONE-BOULOGNE or DOVER-CALAIS. First Class, 2nd Class, 3rd Class, 4th Class, 5th Class, 6th Class, 7th Class, 8th Class, 9th Class, 10th Class, 11th Class, 12th Class, 13th Class, 14th Class, 15th Class, 16th Class, 17th Class, 18th Class, 19th Class, 20th Class, 21st Class, 22nd Class, 23rd Class, 24th Class, 25th Class, 26th Class, 27th Class, 28th Class, 29th Class, 30th Class, 31st Class, 32nd Class, 33rd Class, 34th Class, 35th Class, 36th Class, 37th Class, 38th Class, 39th Class, 40th Class, 41st Class, 42nd Class, 43rd Class, 44th Class, 45th Class, 46th Class, 47th Class, 48th Class, 49th Class, 50th Class, 51st Class, 52nd Class, 53rd Class, 54th Class, 55th Class, 56th Class, 57th Class, 58th Class, 59th Class, 60th Class, 61st Class, 62nd Class, 63rd Class, 64th Class, 65th Class, 66th Class, 67th Class, 68th Class, 69th Class, 70th Class, 71st Class, 72nd Class, 73rd Class, 74th Class, 75th Class, 76th Class, 77th Class, 78th Class, 79th Class, 80th Class, 81st Class, 82nd Class, 83rd Class, 84th Class, 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GERMAN ROYALTY ON TOUR IN THE MEDITERRANEAN: THE EMPRESS'S VOYAGE.

DRAWN BY E. MATANIA.



THE GERMAN EMPRESS LANDING AT MESSINA.

The German Empress was received with great ceremony by the municipal authorities at Messina, on March 26. On the previous day her Majesty, with Princes Eitel Fritz and Oscar, arrived at Civita Vecchia on board the "Hohenzollern." At Civita Vecchia King Victor Emmanuel and Queen Elena went on board the imperial yacht and welcomed the Empress to Italy. Her Majesty was accompanying Prince Eitel Fritz to Taormina, where his Imperial Highness is to recruit after his recent illness.

ENGLISH ROYALTY ON TOUR IN THE MEDITERRANEAN: QUEEN ALEXANDRA AT GENOA.

DRAWN BY G. AMATO.



QUEEN ALEXANDRA AND THE DUCHESS OF AOSTA ON THE MOROSINI BRIDGE.

The royal yacht, with Queen Alexandra on board, arrived at Genoa on the morning of April 3. Her Majesty, who was suffering from headache, did not land until afternoon, when she went for a drive and visited the cemetery.

THE WORLD'S NEWS.

THEIR MAJESTIES' TOUR.

The King arrived at Marseilles on April 7, and was conveyed by train to the landing-stage, alongside of which the royal yacht was moored. His Majesty was received by Mr. Gurney, the British Consul-General, who presented the French officials, chief of whom was M. Mastrier, Prefect of the Bouches du Rhône, who was charged by M. Delcassé to greet his Majesty before his departure from France. The King conversed a little with M. Mastrier, and then went on board his yacht, where the Queen, with Princess Victoria, Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark, and the little Prince Alexander awaited his Majesty at the entrance of the main saloon. The King went for an automobile excursion in the afternoon, and in the evening a banquet to naval officers was given on board the yacht. On the morning of April 8 their Majesties left Marseilles and sailed southwards, and the yacht entered Port Mahon on the morning of the following day. The British Consul paid his respects, and the town clerk presented her Majesty with a basket of flowers on behalf of the inhabitants. It was expected that the royal party would leave for Palma on April 11.



Photo. Thomson.
MR. HUGH M. RIGBY,
NEW SURGEON-IN-ORDINARY TO THE
PRINCE OF WALES.

THE KAISER AND MOROCCO.

The Kaiser's visit to Tangier has greatly rejoiced all the Moors who are "agin" their own Government and every other. In order that the commercial interests of the Powers, Germany included, shall be safeguarded in Morocco, it is necessary that something like order and rational administration should be introduced into that country. By the Anglo-French Agreement the task of effecting this reform has been entrusted to France. It would appear that rather than see France perform this office the Kaiser would make the Moorish anarchy greater than ever by encouraging every kind of lawlessness and stirring up Moslem fanaticism. But the Convention holds good, and if France should be driven to employ force in Morocco she will not take the trouble to ask Germany's leave. France, indeed, continues to take the Kaiser's move in Morocco quite calmly. There is rumour of a German Mission to Fez, and that would complicate matters, for it would be further proof that Germany means to take a high hand. The German papers are talking about the Madrid Convention of 1880, and hinting at a Conference of the Powers to unsettle the question which was settled by the Anglo-French Agreement. But in 1880 Bismarck declared that Germany had no political interest in Morocco. She has none now, except to make mischief. It is amusing to find her gravely demanding the open door. The door is already open in Morocco; but it is shut wherever German influence is uppermost—in Shan-tung, for instance. In this game German diplomacy is unabashed. It should be pondered by the amiable visionaries who believe in the excellence of everybody's motives, and in universal peace.

LORD MILNER.

Lord Milner is sailing home, leaving behind him much solid work. His parting words were full of shrewd counsel. He warned Johannesburg against blundering attempts to cajole the Boers. "Our policy should be one of courtesy and consideration for their feelings always; of compromise on questions of principle, and of suppression of our own natural and legitimate sentiments, never." There in a nutshell is the whole wisdom of the matter. The Boer leaders have bluntly announced that they will co-operate in no representative system which does not give them all the political weight they had before the war. They want to set Krugerism up again; and if they are not allowed to do that they will have nothing to do with the Constitution. In that event, said Lord Milner, "let them sit out." The Government will go on without them. To suppose that we shall ruin our interests in the Transvaal with the hope of conciliating the Boers is to suppose that we shall all go mad.



Photo. Russell.
THE HON. AND REV. CANON
LYTTELTON,
NEW MASTER OF ETON.

THE LATE LORD ST. HELIER.

The month or two that elapsed between Lord St. Helier's elevation to the peerage and his death on April 9 were hardly sufficient to fix his new title on the public mind, and it is as Sir Francis Jeune that he will be

remembered. The eldest son of Dr. Jeune, Bishop of Peterborough, Francis Henry was born in 1843. He was educated at Harrow and Balliol, and his Oxford career brought him more than the routine distinctions; for in addition to a first class in Moderations, and a first in Literæ Humaniores, he took the Stanhope and the Arnold prizes. From Oxford he went to the Bar, but seven years after he quitted his Alma Mater she remembered him with a fellowship at Hertford. He specialised in ecclesiastical law, but was also in general practice, and was engaged as a junior in the Tichborne case, where he was for the Claimant in the civil action, Lord Halsbury being his leader. In 1888 he took silk. In 1890 he was raised to the Bench, as President of the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division, and at the same time received a knighthood. He discharged his judicial duties with the utmost distinction until last January, when failing health compelled him to resign. Lord St. Helier was the first of the British Judges who dared to break through the convention of the shaven face, and to appear on the Bench with a full beard.

OUR PORTRAITS.

General Sir Frederick Thesiger, second Baron Chelmsford, whose name recalls many memories of South African warfare, died at the United Service Club on April 6. Born in 1827, he was educated for the Army, and entered the Grenadier Guards. He saw a little service at the close of the Mutiny; but had to wait for his first real chance until the Abyssinian Expedition, after which he returned to India as Adjutant-General under Napier, who greatly admired him. In July 1879 he was in charge of the force that invaded Zululand, and suffered the horrible misfortune of losing half his troops at Isandhula. With the remnant of his force he marched for Rorke's Drift, where he found Chard and Bromhead still continuing their gallant defence. To save the moral of what remained of his army he had hurriedly quitted the



Colonel Robinson.
THE UNFORTUNATE COMMANDANT OF DHARMSALA: COLONEL ROBINSON,
WITH BRITISH AND GURKHA OFFICERS.

During the recent earthquake in India, Colonel Robinson, commanding the 2nd Battalion 1st Gurkhas, lost his wife and two daughters, and was himself severely injured.

scene of Isandhula, leaving the dead and wounded on the field, and this caused great displeasure at home, and led to an outcry for his recall. His last stroke of ill-luck was the death of the Prince Imperial; but he greatly retrieved his position with the fine victory of Ulundi, in which he crushed Cetewayo. The public relented, and, covered with honour, Lord Chelmsford retired into private life. Among the appointments he had since held were the Lieutenancy of the Tower, and the Honorary Colonelcy of the 2nd Life Guards.

The Prince of Wales has honoured Mr. Hugh Mallison Rigby by appointing him one of the Surgeons in Ordinary to his Royal Highness. Mr. Rigby is a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons.

The new Master of Eton, the Hon. and Rev. Canon Edward Lyttelton, is a son of the fourth Lord Lyttelton, and nephew by marriage of Mr. Gladstone. He was born in 1855. Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, educated him. He took a second class in classics. He was an assistant master at Wellington and at Eton, and was afterwards Headmaster of Haileybury. He has done excellent work in connection with the Incorporated Association of Headmasters, is a great cricketer, and was long a first-class football player. He was for three years a member of the Cambridge Eleven.

The new member for Brighton, Mr. E. A. Villiers, who scored such a sweeping victory for the Liberal party, is forty-two years of age. He was educated at Uppingham and St. Peter's College, Cambridge. For a time he was in holy orders, but these he resigned, and he is now a director of a gold-mining company.

A UNIQUE SCULPTURE GALLERY.

At the memorable ceremony of reopening the Aberdeen Art Gallery, with its new halls of sculpture, on April 8, the spectator was forcibly reminded of the saying of Pericles that his aim in promoting the artistic adornment of Athens was to make the mother city a means of education for the whole of Greece. For the art

collection of the Granite City, and particularly its department of sculpture, is surely destined to prove a great educative force not only to the Aberdonians, but to the whole of Scotland. After nearly twenty years of neglect the Art Gallery has, by the wonderful energy and enthusiasm of a single citizen, Mr. James Murray, who has inspired his fellow-townsmen to equally worthy effort, been entirely reorganised and enlarged with a unique collection of sculpture, copies of the great masterpieces, so admirably chosen and arranged that the student of plastic art has to his hand nearly everything that is essential for acquiring at least the elements of his subject. In the selection of casts, Mr. Murray and his committee had the assistance of Mr. Robert F. Martin, of the South Kensington Museum; and the form the gallery should assume was suggested to the architect, Mr. A. Marshall Mackenzie, A.R.S.A., by Sir George Reid, R.S.A. Professor W. M. Ramsay and Miss Ramsay also lent invaluable aid. The whole scheme is exquisitely harmonious, and the effect culminates in the central hall, devoted to examples of Greek and Græco-Roman sculpture. The frieze is a reproduction of the frieze of the Parthenon, and the central figure of the court is the Venus of Melos, which has for near neighbours the Olympian Hermes of Praxiteles, the Apoxyomenos of Lysippos, the Apollo supposed to be an early work of Pheidias, and the Niobid from Hadrian's Villa. On the balcony appears the Victory of Paonius, so cunningly placed that the original effect of a flying figure can be caught by the spectator in the court below. Among the casts which no British Gallery possesses are those of the "Roman Girl" in the Vatican, Adam Kraft's "Seventh Station," and the "Saint with the Book" from Nuremberg. In the north gallery is the great group from the east pediment of the Parthenon, and in the east gallery are examples of the Italian school. Elsewhere is a collection of Assyrian and Celtic art. The gallery was opened by Sir George Reid in the presence of a large and representative assembly, including Commendatore Alberto Galli, curator of the Vatican Museum (who, on behalf of the Pope, presented Mr. Murray with a medal in recognition of his services); Professor Treu, curator of the Dresden Museum; and Professor Robinson, from Harvard. The Royal Academy sent Mr. Frank Dicksee, Mr. Leader, Mr. Frampton, Mr. David Murray, Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, and Mr. La Thangue. Mr. Bryce was also present. Other guests were Lord Reay, Mr. Thomas Hardy, Mr. Maarten Maartens, and Professor Bury, who during their stay in Aberdeen received the degree of LL.D. from the University.



Photo. Ellis and Walery.
THE LATE LORD CHELMSFORD,
VETERAN OF THE ZULU WAR
OF 1879.

THE LOUBET "PLOT."

France and the world have laughed rather than trembled at the reported discovery of a plot to kidnap M. Loubet, to coerce the Chamber, and to set up a provisional Government, presumably Bonapartist. It is said that five hundred military uniforms and thousands of Gras cartridges were found where they ought not to have been, and a Captain Tamburini has been arrested in connection with this awe-inspiring part of the conspiracy. A mysterious plan of campaign, with an impressive array of cryptic letters and numbers, has even been published, and this, which might easily have been the work of an imaginative journalist, shows how Deputies were to be "arrested and conveyed to —," an aposiopesis suggesting profanity. The Elysée was also to be attacked and "Loubet incarcerated or —," again that dire omission. The President is merely diverted by the foolery, but says if it were true it would only determine him to stick to office.

PEACE IN SOMALILAND.

With the agreement concluded between the Italian Special Commissioner and the Mullah, a new era of peace seems to have dawned for Somaliland. Signor Pestalozza found the rebel leader sincerely desirous for the tranquillity of the country, and now that the Mullah has a recognised position and access to the sea, there is every chance that he will remain quiet. He agreed without demur to the entire text of the document which had been drawn up jointly by Britain and Italy. At the Mullah's instance, Signor Pestalozza announced to the whole coast the restoration of peace, and visited Berbera in British Somaliland, where questions of boundary and pasture were satisfactorily arranged. The Mullah will henceforth have his residence at Illig.



Photo. Kent and Large.
MR. ERNEST A. VILLIERS,
NEW LIBERAL M.P. FOR
BRIGHTON.



MINING EXPERTS ON THE WALL JUST BEFORE THE OPERATIONS BEGAN.



PREPARING FOR THE SECOND BLAST.

REMOVING 10,000 TONS OF MASONRY BY BLASTING: THE DESTRUCTION OF THE TEMPORARY BARRIER BETWEEN THE NEW AND OLD DOCKS AT MANCHESTER.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY R. HANKS.

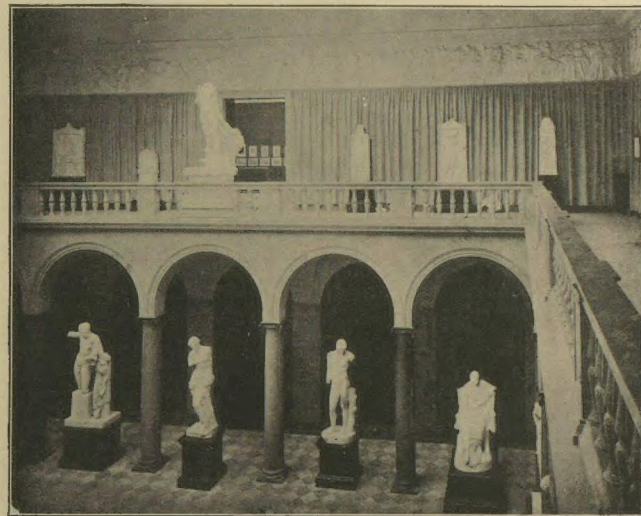
During the construction of the new dock on the site of the old racecourse at Manchester, the new basin was divided from the old by a great wall of concrete measuring 7500 cubic yards, and weighing over 10,000 tons. When the water in the new and old docks was level, the barrier was destroyed by the tremendous blasting operations here illustrated.



THE ITALIAN COURT, SHOWING COPY OF BENEDETTO DA MAIANO'S PULPIT.

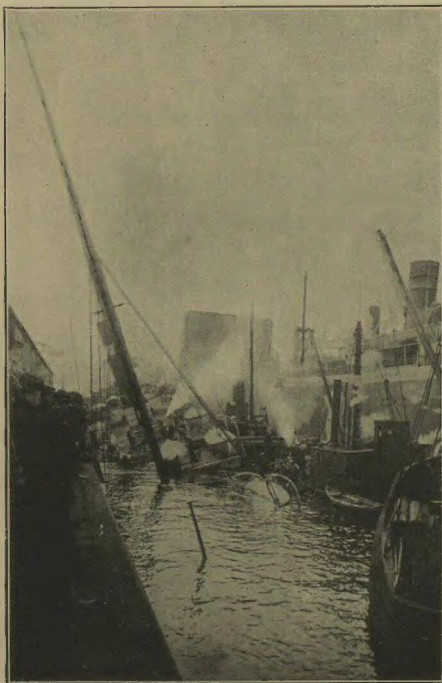
ART IN ABERDEEN: THE SCULPTURE GALLERY, UNIQUE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM, OPENED APRIL 8.

On our "World's News" page we give a detailed account of this excellent collection, which should prove a centre of artistic impulse for the North. The most prominent work in our illustration of the Italian Court is the copy of Benedetto da Maiano's pulpit in the Church of Santa Croce, Florence. The panels of the pulpit represent incidents in the life of St. Francis. Our second illustration shows part of the central court, where overcrowding has been so cleverly avoided that each statue can be studied separately, and is thrown into fine relief against its arched background of Venetian red. The polished columns represent every variety of native granite. The balcony is white, the drapery of the upper wall an exquisitely cool neutral green, above which rises the reproduction of the Parthenon frieze. Note on the balcony the flying figure of Victory, referred to in our article elsewhere.



Photo, Morgan.

PART OF THE CENTRAL COURT, WITH GREEK AND GRÆCO-ROMAN WORK.



Photo, Rev. W. J. Cox.

THE "PARISIAN" SUNK IN HALIFAX HARBOUR.

On March 25, as the Allan mail-steamer "Parisian" was entering Halifax, she collided with the Hamburg liner "Albano." The captain steamed full speed for nine miles up the river to the dock, where the steamer went down shortly after her arrival.



Photo, Clarke and Hyde.

A NELSON RUG OF ARMENIAN WORKMANSHIP, EXHIBITED IN BAYSWATER.

The rug exhibited at the Elysée Art Galleries was made in Cæsarea in Asia Minor, and depicts the death of Nelson. The work is of pure silk, all hand-knotted. It was done by Armenian ladies, whom it occupied for two years. The rug measures 5½ feet by 4 feet, and its price is estimated at £200, on a basis of value of sale of similar works. Additional interest attaches to the picture from the fact that this is the centenary year of Trafalgar.

THE GERMAN FIREBRAND IN MOROCCO: THE EMPEROR'S MOMENTOUS VISIT.



WILLIAM II. ON A WHITE CHARGER PRESENTED BY THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO: THE KAISER AND HIS MOORISH ESCORT IN THE STREETS OF TANGIER.

During his brief but significant visit to Tangier, the German Emperor was escorted from the wharf to the German Legation by picturesque white-robed Bashi-bazouks, part of the force attached to the Legation. The most noteworthy result of the visit has been a closer rapprochement between England and France, and doubtless the King and M. Loubet, during their brief meeting on the railway (illustrated on our front page), did not forget to exchange views on the Moroccan question.

SWEET-BRIAR LANE.

By M. E. FRANCIS.

Illustrated by W. RUSSELL FLINT.

"THERE they go," said Grandmother Legg, "a-marchin' off together so happy as a King and a Queen."

Susan Ball, a visitor from the town, craned her head round the doorpost, and gazed after the young couple with interest—David Samson, a big, broad-shouldered, rather awkward-looking young fellow walking arm-in-crook with Rebecca Yeatman, Mrs. Legg's orphan granddaughter. A little, slender, fair-haired thing, lissom and graceful in all her movements, was Rebecca; she looked like an elf as she paced along beside her cumbersome lover.

"They've a-been a-coortin' a long time, haven't they, mum?" queried Miss Ball.

"They've a-been coortin'," responded Grandmother Legg emphatically, "since they was no higher than nothin' at all. Dear, yes, he'd come Sunday after Sunday same as if they was reg'lar coortin' folk; an' Rebecca, she'd lay down her doll and fetch her hat an' walk off so serious as a grown-up maid. Poor Legg—he had all his senses then same as anybody else—he'd laugh fit to spit, he would."

Miss Ball looked towards the chimney-corner where Grandfather Legg was now installed, and received from that worthy old gentleman a smile calculated to give any weak-minded person a "turn," accompanied by some unintelligible remark delivered in a quavering treble. Miss Ball, who was not, however, troubled with nerves, smiled back at him and nodded cheerfully.

"He haven't got no wits at all now, mum, have he?" she inquired parenthetically of Mr. Legg's better half. "But we was a-talkin' of Rebecca. I do 'low she an' David 'ull be gettin' married one o' these days?"

Grandmother Legg screwed up her mouth and shook her head dubiously.

"I don't know, I'm sure," she replied. "David, he's not earnin' more nor ten shillin' a week, nor likely to for a good bit; and Rebecca, she wouldn't be much good at keepin' house on such a little money. 'Tis a child, Miss Ball, nothin' but a child. There, if you was to see the antics she do carry on wi' David. I do truly wonder the chap has so much patience wi' her. Sweet-briar Lane is where they always go. 'Tis Coortin' Lane, you know—so they do call it hereabouts—and a-many do go a-walkin' there of a Sunday, an' they do tell I that Rebecca do seem to care for nothin' but teasin' and tormentin' the poor boy. Mary Vacher—'e-es, 'twas Mary—did tell I last week as she an' her young man was a-walkin' in Sweet-briar Lane o' Sunday, and she did see our little maid a-playing all manner o' tricks on Davy. One minute she'd be runnin' round a haystack, then, when the poor chap 'ud run after her, she'd trip off and hide behind an elder-bush. Mary did say she'd go dancin' from one place to another, just lettin' him

nearly catch her, but poppin' off the minute he'd come close."

"Well, there now," commented Susan, "it do seem childish, don't it?"

"It be reg'lar nonsense, I do tell her," said Mrs. Legg severely; then relaxing—"but Mary Vacher did say 'twas really so good as a play to watch 'em. Her an' her own young man stood lookin' arter 'em a long while, she said. There Rebecca 'ud go flyin' up the path same as a bird or a butterfly; an' every now an' again she'd stop and smile round at Davy an' beckon him, an' off 'ud run poor Davy, hammerin' arter her so hard as he could, an' just as he'd be holdin' out them great long arms o' his, off she'd go again. An' she's real fond o' him, mind ye—'tisn't as if she looked at anybody else."

"Ye did ought to speak to her a bit sharp, mum," said Miss Ball severely; "you did ought to scold her for it. They bain't sensible, sich goin's on."

"Scold her?" ejaculated the other. "I mid just so well speak to the wall. I mid just so well expect that there settle to hear reason. She don't mind me, what's her own grandmother, no more nor if I was the cat. She haven't got no respect for nothin'. I've

see'd her pinch David's arm when they was a-walkin' up the church steps one day—"

"Never!" ejaculated the scandalised Susan.

"She did, though. And she'll carry on her antics up in the churchyard yonder—you know the churchyard up Sweet-briar Lane?—she'd as soon play off her tricks there as on the downs. Even when she was a little bit of a maid she'd never run past the lych-gate same as the other children—she'd go a-swingin' round the pillars or a-climbin' on the trestles, or she'd maybe pop through the gate and put her face up again the bars and dare David to kiss her. He dursten't go nigh the place, poor boy, an' she knowed that very well."

"Well, well," sighed Susan Ball, "I wouldn't like to say nothin' unkind o' your granddaughter, Mrs. Legg, but 'tis to be hoped as she'll not come to a bad end, mum."

"'Tis to be hoped so," agreed Mrs. Legg, "but there's no knowin'." She echoed Susan's sigh, but smiled the while; indeed, it was evident that she looked on the misdemeanours of Rebecca with a certain tolerance, one might almost say satisfaction, as distinguishing her from the ordinary run of maidens.

Meanwhile Rebecca and David, having finished a somewhat discursive progress up Sweet-briar Lane,

emerged on the downs beyond. Here Rebecca took up a position on a sunny little gorse-crowned hillock and dispatched him to a neighbouring copse with orders to collect some of the wild strawberries which grew there in abundance.

Nearly a score of journeys did David make to and from that copse, while Rebecca fanned herself with a beech branch and gazed at him for his slowness.

"I do 'low you do eat more nor you do pick," she remarked at last.

David stood stock-still, indignant and disheartened.

"There's no pleasin' ye!" he cried. "I haven't so much as ate one."

"No more have I, then!" exclaimed Rebecca; and, uplifting her beechen fan, she proudly showed him a pile of the ruddy berries neatly arranged on a flat stone beside her.

"There! you be to eat 'em all," she announced, with an imperative wave of the hand; "I did save 'em up for ye."

"You must have half," said he.

But Rebecca shook her head.

He sat down beside her on the short turf and placed the stone between them.

"Certain sure you must have some of 'em," he cried. "I shan't care to eat 'em if you don't."

"You be to eat 'em all," reiterated Rebecca; "I'd like to watch ye."

"Nay, now, you must taste one," said David, and, leaning forward, tenderly endeavoured to force one into her mouth. But thereupon Rebecca set her little white teeth, jerked back her head, and uplifting a small but vigorous hand, slapped his face with all her might.



"I won't have 'em neither, then!" cried he, flushing hotly and clambering to his feet. "You do go too far, you do."

"I do go too far, do I?" retorted the freakish sprite. "Let's go home-along, then."

Too much wounded to protest, David turned about and walked sulkily beside her as she tripped down the lane.

"A body never knows where to have 'ee, maide," he complained, after a pause. "There's times when you do seem so sweet as honey, and next minute I fair wonder if you do care a pin for me."

The two were now walking under a hedge so tall that it almost arched over their heads; it grew on the summit of the high bank which bordered one side of the lane. A serried mass of greenery was this hedge—the star-like foliage of the maple mingling with the rougher, darker green of hazel and guelder, while amid the stronger growths delicate trailing wreaths of dog-rose and sturdy bushes of wild sweet-briar flourished by side. It was from this latter that the winding path took its name. The sweet-briar, indeed, grew so freely here that in summer-time all the air was filled with fragrance.

Rebecca seemed not at all moved by her lover's lament; she gave a little laugh, and continued the song she had been humming to herself.

"There's times," continued David warmly, "when I do truly think I'd do better to go off and court some other maid."

"Well, and why don't ye?" inquired Rebecca blithely.

"I don't know but what I will," cried he. "Most maids 'ud give ye a kind word back when ye speak 'em fair, and 'ud say 'thank ye' when ye do make 'em a present, and 'ud not go for to rub their cheeks after their sweetheart had given them a kiss."

This was indeed an offence which Rebecca committed but too often. She darted from him now, and, approaching the bank, made two little upward springs at the hedge, bringing down with each a small trophy. One was a wild rose, the other a tuft of sweet-briar.

"Look ye, David," said she, "which do ye like best of these two?"

"The sweet-briar, of course," cried he, recovering his spirits at once at what he took to be a sign of softening on her part, and his face wreathing itself with smiles as he stretched out his hand for the little sprig.

Rebecca waited till he had taken hold of it, and then, with a sudden malicious squeeze of both her little hands, pressed his fingers close about the prickly stem.

"Ha! done!" cried he in real displeasure. "That were a spiteful trick, and one as I didn't expect from 'ee, Rebecca. I d' 'low I *will* go off and ha' done wi' it."

As he spoke, however, he fastened the bit of sweet-briar in his button-hole. Rebecca laughed and pointed to it.

"Sweet-briar has twice so many thorns as wild rose," said she, "but ye like it best for all that. An' if ye do go a-courtin' any other maid 'twill be just the same. Ye'll come back to I."

Taking hold of the lapel of his coat, she sniffed at the little sprig.

"Bain't it sweet?" said she.

"'Tis sweet indeed," returned he earnestly, and, emboldened by her unwonted softness, he did what any other lover under the circumstances would have done, and Rebecca, after a pause, loosed his coat and deliberately polished her cheek with her handkerchief.

Yet, for all that, David did not court another maid. Not long after this the young pair were unexpectedly parted. David had an uncle who was a large sheep-farmer in Westmorland, and it was thought by all his family a great opening for the lad when this well-to-do and childless relative offered to take him into his employment. Everyone rejoiced at David's good fortune, except David himself and his poor little sweetheart. Even he was not so broken-hearted as Rebecca. David scarcely knew whether to be more afflicted or elated at the girl's despair.

"I never reckoned ye cared for I that much," said he, as they went for their farewell stroll up the lane.

She looked at him reproachfully without speaking; her pretty blue eyes were drowned in tears, her mouth drooped; her little face looked very white and pitiful.

"There, I shouldn't ha' said that," cried he remorsefully. "Ye never loved anybody but me, did ye? An' ye'll always be true—won't ye?"

"Always, always," she sobbed, "faithful an' true, David. Whenever you do think of me you must always say that to yourself." "Rebecca was a teasin' maid," you may say, "but she loved me—an' she'll always love me—faithful and true."

Then David, in a kind of rapture of anguish, felt her arms about his neck—such little, light, slender arms—and her golden head sank upon his breast.

Before that time he had had many misgivings in thinking of the two years that must elapse before they again met, and had wondered to himself often if Rebecca would be likely to stick to him when he was no longer at hand; but now all such ignoble doubts died within him, and in spite of the knowledge that the morrow must part him from her, he was a proud and happy lad as he folded her in his arms.

In two years he would come back—his uncle had said he might come home for a holiday after two years. He would earn a lot of money, and meanwhile they would write. They would often write. Rebecca wouldn't be too particular about blots or spellin', would she? No, Rebecca was not in the mood to be particular about anything. Then David would give his word to write often.

"An' whenever ye see a bit o' sweet-briar, ye'll think o' me?" said Rebecca.

Yes, he would think of her then and always. "I do want the sweet-briar to remind you o' me," went on the girl, "because—because—I reckon it's like me—full of prickles. I've often been a bad maid to ye, Davy, haven't I? Often an' often

I've pricked ye and hurt ye, but I've loved ye all the time."

And thereupon David assured her he didn't mind the prickles, and that there was nothing in all the world so sweet as the sweet-briar; and then, having reached the top of the lane, they kissed each other again, and came home through the scented dusk full of a melancholy happiness.

The memory of that hour comforted David during the first weeks of separation; but as time went on the old habit of jealous distrust reasserted itself in some measure. Rebecca was a bad correspondent. The wilful little maid had never taken much pains to make herself a scholar, and letter-writing was to her a matter of difficulty. David would brood over each scanty ill-spelt scrawl, torturing himself with doubts: Rebecca said so little—was she already beginning to forget him? She was so pretty, so gay—surely somebody else would "snap her up" while his back was turned.

Yet now and then a little word in one of Rebecca's letters would make his heart thrill afresh with hope and love, and he would be filled with remorse for his unworthy suspicions. And when towards the end of autumn she sent him a sprig of sweet-briar saying that "it would mind him of her," he carried the little thorny trophy in his breast till it shrivelled and fell to pieces.

The Northern winter was long and cold, and the lad thought regretfully many a time of genial Dorset, with its unseasonable flowers peeping out at all manner of times, its gleams of sunshine and blue sky even on the shortest days; the breeze rushing over the downs, mild for all its freshness, and carrying with it always a hint of the sea not far distant. He dreamed of Dorset often, of his father's little homestead, of the farm on which he used to work, of the animals he had been wont to tend, of the church to which he had betaken himself Sunday after Sunday; but, strangely enough, though he longed and almost prayed to dream of Rebecca, the vision which had so haunted his thoughts by day kept aloof from his pillow.

One night, however, he did dream of Rebecca, and his dream was so vivid that he could hardly believe it was not indeed reality.

He thought he saw her standing in the sunshine on the downs at the top of Sweetbriar Lane; he was toiling up this lane at some distance from her, running, but after the manner of dreams not seeming to make much progress, and she kept afar off, waving one little slender arm and calling—

"I want you, David!" she cried. "Davy, Davy! I want you."

Her voice was ringing in his ears when he woke; the sweat stood on his brow, and his heart was thumping violently.

"If she do want me, I'll go," he said.

It was not yet six months since he had left home; according to his contract another eighteen should elapse before he took a holiday, yet he did not hesitate for a moment. An unendurable longing was upon him; he was drawn by an inexplicable force. Without pausing to reflect on the possible consequences, he rose, dressed, and set forth on his journey before anyone even in that early North-country household was astir.

He had but little money, and his progress was necessarily slow, his resources only permitting him to travel a part of the way by train. He walked the rest, begging occasional "lifts" from good-natured wagoners.

It was nearly a week after that dream had come to him when he arrived late one afternoon at his native place. So travel-stained was he, so haggard and gaunt with fatigue and privations, that his old friends would have found it difficult to recognise him had he traversed the village; but Rebecca's home lay on the outskirts, and he made his way there immediately.

His heart had been torn by a thousand conflicting hopes and fears during his long journey. What if Rebecca did not want him at all? What if she should laugh at him for his pains? What if she should join in the chorus of disapproval which would, he knew, greet his foolhardy undertaking? His uncle had probably written home to announce his disappearance; his parents would have plenty to say on the subject, but for that he cared little. What would Rebecca say—what would she think? And then he remembered her parting words: "She'll always love me faithful and true," and he seemed again to feel her arms about his neck.

His heart leaped up within him as he approached the cottage, for he half expected to see the elin shape come flitting forth to greet him; and then he chid himself for his folly—how could she be on the look-out for him? He had sent her no word of his coming.

It was a frosty night, clear and unusually cold. The moon had already risen, and the sky was spangled with stars. He could see the withered hollyhocks standing stiff on either side of the whitewashed flagged path, and observed that the door was fast closed. A little glimmer of firelight came through the kitchen window; but otherwise there was no sign of life about the place.

Three strides carried David up the garden path, and in another instant his hand rattled at the latch; but the door did not yield to his hand—it was bolted within, and no sound broke the succeeding stillness except the barking of a distant dog and the tremulous beating of his own heart.

"Rebecca!" he cried. His voice was hoarse and his great frame trembled like a leaf. "Rebecca! I'm here. I be come."

A shrill cackle from within—Grandfather Legg's unmistakable laugh—was the only response.

David's hand dropped from the latch, and he darted to the kitchen window and peered in the room.

By the dim light of the fire he could make out the old man's form in its accustomed place, and rapped sharply at the pane.

"Eh?" cried Grandfather Legg.

"Be everyone out?" shouted David. "Where's Rebecca?"

The old man leaned forward so that the firelight fell full upon his shrivelled face; his habitually vacant

eyes wore a cunning look, and he laughed again, as though amused by some secret joke.

David lifted his voice once more and in his excitement shook the little casement. "Look at me," he cried. "Don't ye know me, Mr. Legg? It's me—David Samson."

"Oh, I know ye," chuckled Mr. Legg. "I know ye, David."

"Right," cried David, delighted at having extracted an intelligible response. "Then tell me where's Rebecca? I've come a long way to see her. Which way has she gone? I be talkin' of Rebecca, Mr. Legg."

"'E-es," rejoined the other, still chuckling; "oh, 'e-es, Rebecca. Sure-ly."

"Where is she, I say?" shouted David.

Grandfather Legg lifted a lean hand and jerked his thumb expressively in the direction of Sweet-briar Lane.

"Rebecca," said he, "Rebecca be yon."

David stepped back from the window and stood a moment paralysed. The eager excitement of a few moments before left him all in a minute, and he became suddenly cold. Rebecca was out at this hour—Rebecca had gone a-walkin' in Sweet-briar Lane with another man! That dream which told him she craved for him was but a mockery.

After a pause he began to walk rapidly away in the direction indicated by the old man. He would see for himself—he would find Rebecca and tax her with her infidelity; he would—here he drew in his breath and clenched his hands—he would kill the other fellow.

Now the lane lay before him, winding upwards between its shadowy hedges silent and deserted. His steps rang sharply on the frozen surface; deep shadows lay beneath the hedgerows, but the path itself gleamed silvery white in the moonlight. Up, up—there was never a soul in sight. If Grandfather Legg spoke truth Rebecca must have wandered on a long way with that new sweetheart of hers. He pressed forward with what speed he might; he would come upon them sooner or later, and then—

Yonder, at the turn of the lane, the outline of the lych-gate was visible, and, topping the churchyard-wall, the dark heads of a group of cypresses. His eyes wandered absently over them, insensibly taking note of how bravely the frost-encased needles gleamed; the hoar lay thick on the ancient tiles of the lych-gate roof, too, and even edged the time-worn pillars which supported it. As he brought his absent gaze down to these pillars he saw a face peep out at him from behind one. The moonlight fell full upon it, and he recognised at once that it was Rebecca's. Very small and pale it looked, and yet it wore a smile, tender and a little sad.

David, with an inarticulate cry, rushed towards her. But before he could reach it, the little figure came gliding forth from its ambush and went fluttering up the path before him as it had so often done in former days. She paused every now and then to turn round with the arch smile which he knew so well and to beckon; but she spoke no word, and her feet fell so lightly on the stony track that they made no sound. She wore a cotton dress familiar to David, and no wrap of any kind in spite of the cold; her fair hair, too, glistened in the silvery light unshaded by a hat.

"Rebecca, Rebecca," cried David, lumbering in pursuit of her, a prey to such a tumult of emotions that he had almost wept. "Rebecca, come back, love! I came because ye did call me—Ye must have a word to say to me, sure. Ye'll never go for to treat me so foolish now I have come all this way to see ye."

But the little figure only waved its arms for all response, and went gliding on—on, always out of reach, now lost to sight at the turn of the lane, now in obedience to some such freakish impulse as had often roused his ire long ago, darting behind a clump of bushes, now peering down at him from the top of a high bank. Always tantalising, always elusive; but his own Rebecca for all that—his Rebecca who had never given a thought to any other man. She would surely soon tire of her play and run to his arms.

Here were the downs at last, and Rebecca, as though in answer to his yearning, paused, turning towards him and beckoning. For a moment he saw her thus, almost as he had seen her in his dream, save that the light which bathed her slight figure was not the noonday glow of his fancy, but the ethereal radiance of the winter's night, and that no word passed her smiling lips. As he gazed upon her the dream-powerlessness came upon him, his feet remained rooted to the ground, his arms hung useless by his side; he tried to call her name aloud, but his tongue clove to his palate. Only a moment did this nightmare-like oppression endure, and then with a cry he rushed towards the spot where she had stood—but Rebecca had vanished.

His arms closed upon the empty air, his dazzled eyes beheld only the frost-bound downs, the clump of firs against which he had seen her figure outlined—there was no trace of her anywhere. Calling upon her frantically—first in anger, then with anguish, then in wild terror—he searched about the place, but all was silence—desolation.

He came down the hilly path at last slowly, looking neither to right nor to left, his head sunk upon his breast and his figure swaying.

Here was the bank where she had picked that sprig of sweet-briar to which she had likened herself. The leafless bush, coated with frost like its fellows, gave forth no perfume as he passed, and he did not even glance towards it.

Now the lych-gate came in sight once more, and David, quickening his pace, ran unsteadily towards it. The gate yielded to his hand, but no fairy form lay in ambush behind it, no arch, mocking face peered at him through the bars. Yet as it swung to behind him, David stood still, catching his breath with a gasp: a rush of overpowering perfume greeted his nostrils. Here, in the dead of the winter, the frozen air was heavy with the scent of sweet-briar! He staggered forward with a choking cry, and his feet sank deep in the soft mould of a newly made grave.

THE END.

L'ENTENTE CORDIALE: THE KING'S WELCOME TO FRANCE.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.



PRESIDENT LOUBET JOINING KING EDWARD'S TRAIN AT PIERREFITTE STATION, THREE-QUARTERS OF AN HOUR'S JOURNEY FROM PARIS, APRIL 6.

The historic meeting took place at the little wayside station of Pierrefitte, where, it has been remarked, nothing had ever happened before. The place was chosen in order to allow the King and the President to enjoy a longer interview than would have been possible had M. Loubet awaited his Majesty at the Lyons terminus. On his arrival in Paris the King took leave of the President, thanking him cordially for his escort, and sending his greetings to Madame Loubet. His Majesty shortly afterwards continued his journey to Marseilles.

NOVEL NOTES AND OTHERS.

Duke's Son. By Cosmo Hamilton. (London: Heinemann, 6s.)
Dr. Silex. By J. Harris-Burland. (London: Ward, Lock, 6s.)
The Waters of Oblivion. By Adeline Sergeant. (London: John Long, 6s.)
The Clansman. By Thomas Dixon junior. (London: Heinemann, 6s.)
A Gardener's Year. By H. Rider Haggard. (London: Longmans, 12s. 6d.)
Chats on Old Furniture. By Arthur Hadden. (London: T. Fisher Unwin, 4s.)
A Belle of the 'Betties. Memoirs of Mrs. Clay, of Alabama, covering Social and Political Life in Washington and the South, 1835-60. Put into narrative form by Ada Sterling. (London: Heinemann, 10s. 6d. net.)

We learn from Mr. Cosmo Hamilton's novel that the younger son of a Duke is incapable of earning an honest livelihood when his allowance is cut down, and his father will not pay his debts. Lord Francis Delamere is compelled to retire from a crack regiment, to give up polo, and set about living by his wits. He goes into partnership with a Baronet, and the pair cheat at cards. He finds that the orphan girl he is very fond of cheats at cards when she gets a chance; and having lost his partner, who dies of a mysterious disease in the throat, Lord Francis marries the girl, and the new partnership cheats even more successfully than the old. Detection comes at last, and there is a very bad scandal. The elder brother of Lord Francis is now Duke, the father having died happy when he heard that his younger son was a scoundrel. Lord and Lady Francis, having no means of living, determine to commit suicide. They are rescued from charcoal in the nick of time to learn that they are the Duke and Duchess, the elder brother having been extinguished by a motor accident. On thirty thousand a year they can afford to be moderately honest, although in what esteem a Duke and Duchess with such a family escutcheon can live in the world Mr. Hamilton does not tell us. The only decent person in the book is a burlesque actress without a character.

Dr. Silex is a millionaire and a bibliophile, who, in the oddest way, is drawn into an expedition to the North Pole. He finances it at a trifle under a million sterling. He fits out twenty ships, manned by a thousand men, provisioned for five years, and armed with Maxims and a great quantity of rifles and ammunition. Why such warlike preparations to visit the North Pole? That is what Dr. Silex wants to know, but the secret is kept first by a singular being with no legs, next by a beautiful lady who dawns on Dr. S.'s enraptured gaze in the garb and regalia of a queen. The gentleman without legs dies before the expedition starts; and the lady, when they are all sailing merrily in the Arctic Sea, calls a meeting of the captains, and tells them that she is the Lady Thora de Brie, rightful Queen of Asturnia, an island five thousand square miles in extent, with the Pole in the middle of it. To this strange land her ancestors made their way from Normandy in 1103, and their descendants carry on the business in old Norman-French, with the feudal system, battle-axes, two-handed swords, barons, knights, varlets, and the whole paraphernalia of the Middle Ages. It is to reconquer the island for this charming daughter of Froissart's Chronicles that Dr. Silex's expedition has sailed on what our innocent modern world supposes to be a purely scientific mission. Imagine the astonishment of the old salts, who have spent their lives in whalers, and never even learned the dates of our early Norman Kings! However, the chief difficulty is how to get to Asturnia; but they are befriended by a convulsion of nature, which smashes up four hundred miles of frozen sea, and leaves open water straight to Asturnia's rocky shore. After this there is plenty of hot work between the weapons of civilisation and the old-fashioned, but still effective, armament of the Crusaders. Having excited the reader's curiosity sufficiently, we will leave him to the full enjoyment of a really capital story.

The river of Lethe is sought by many, but never found until the Styx be crossed. This, in the main, is the teaching of Miss Adeline Sergeant's last book "The Waters of Oblivion"; and before her story had seen the light of day, that grim ferryman who waits at the crossing had carried the writer on her last journey. It is pleasant, in these circumstances, to be able to say that "The Waters of Oblivion" is worthy of the considerable reputation which Miss Sergeant had earned for herself as a writer for girls. The narrative abounds in incident and in dramatic situations, and while, in a sense, this story might justly be called sensational, its dominating feature is the fresh wholesomeness so characteristic of Miss Sergeant's work. The motives which animated George Randolph when he made his irremediable false step are set forth with that touch of conviction which always arouses interest; and, once aroused, that interest is sustained. Miss Sergeant's estimate of her fellow-men was at once tolerant and discriminating; she drew her conclusions accurately, and, while carrying events to a seemingly logical issue, yet contrived—sometimes, we own, by rather drastic measures—the happy ending beloved by her public.

In spite of rhodomontade and superlatives, "The Clansman" is a readable story—not astonishing, this, for Mr. Thomas Dixon has laid his plot in the middle of the welter of reconstruction in the Southern States after the War of Secession, and he has pivoted it on the Ku Klux Klan conspiracy. Great figures of American history move in it; or, to be more accurate, they strike picturesque attitudes, for they are more statuesque than lifelike. The pains which the author has taken to produce a vivid picture of his country's straits in the later sixties are justified; he is crude, his "love-interest" is wooden, but still his book, because of its grasp of epoch-making events, makes romantic reading. It is rather difficult for English people to gauge the bitter loathing and race hatred that culminated in the reprisals of the Ku Klux Klan; perhaps the violent writing of Mr. Dixon comes nearer to the truth than the dispassionate utterance of historians. The emotions of

the people in "The Clansman" run riot; but then the things that were done in a period that seems so much further away than forty years were terrible enough to set a nation's nerves on edge. "For a thick-lipped, flat-nosed, spindle-shanked negro . . . to shout in derision over the hearths and homes of white men and women is an atrocity too monstrous for belief!" cries the heroic Southerner, and there is the heart of the story and an example of the way in which it is handled. It throws a lurid light upon the negro question as it exists to-day, and, incidentally, upon the "divine doctrine" of government by majorities.

Mr. Rider Haggard is nothing if not thorough. Author of nearly a score of romances and light novels, he has found time to write works dealing with political history, agriculture, travel, and country life. Now he presents "A Gardener's Year," a volume that will not be found inferior in steady painstaking research and close observation to "A Farmer's Year" or "Rural England." Mr. Haggard is the happy possessor of a beautiful garden, and, as far as is possible through the medium of a book, he shares it with his readers. We know where the garden lies and how it is served, all the appliances that help to bring flower and fruit to maturity, together with their qualities and defects. The story is very intimate and personal; but then Mr. Haggard has earned a right to address the public as he would address an old friend, because he is known for an advanced agriculturist and horticulturist, and this reputation stands apart from what he has gained as a writer of stirring stories. It is given to few men to possess a garden comparable to Mr. Haggard's, but the most of us have some piece of ground, large or small, that helps to keep us in touch with the natural world, and "A Gardener's Year" will assuredly help us to enjoy and develop it. Perhaps some of the quality of Mr. Haggard's book is founded upon his experience of gardening in other countries, but a great deal is due to the fact that the skilled gardener happens to be a skilled writer. Expert knowledge and the power of expressing it seem often to go in inverse ratio. Mr. Haggard sets out to write a plain tale from the garden, but we are pleased to note his occasional surrender to the mood that makes Lord Verulam's "Essay on Gardens," so fresh and pleasant after the lapse of centuries. Some remarkably fine photographs serve to illustrate the volume.

Mr. Hayden's book, embellished with many photographs of fine pieces of furniture, is called "A practical guide to collectors," but appeals to all who take an interest in furniture, since it is not severely technical. The final chapter, "Hints to Collectors," with a number of warnings against the tricks of what seems to be a peculiarly dishonest trade, is perhaps its most interesting element to the collector—the amateur will perhaps be a little disappointed to hear that there is not much in the way of making sham worm-holes done nowadays: he may perhaps escape imposition by studying the photographs of "faked" pieces, though it is doubtful whether from any book he can acquire more than the little knowledge which, to all save the humble-minded, is more dangerous than ignorance. The outsider will be surprised to learn that the Chippendale, of whose name he is a little tired, is so much the rage with collectors that in 1903 a tea-caddy was sold at Christie's for fifty guineas, and two chairs reached the amazing price of £1100. The work, though fairly comprehensive, is practically limited to French and English furniture (with the exception of the first chapter, which deals generally with the Renaissance on the Continent), and it is pleasant to notice that, although our native workers are less famous than the Reisener, Gouthière, Caffieri, Boulle and Martin of France, for many years—indeed until the awful period lasting from the early days of the nineteenth century to the Renaissance that has taken place in our own time—the English artist in furniture has been animated by splendid traditions. Yet it must be admitted that even the Chippendale prices pale beside the thousands given for some of the gorgeous, ornate, but truly beautiful works of the French School of which pictures are given in this entertaining book by the way, the originals of many of them can be seen in the Wallace Collection and at the South Kensington Museum.

Mrs. Clay, born Virginia Tunstall, came of a good old North Carolina family. Her mother, who died when Mrs. Clay was three years old, was the only child of the marriage of General William Arrington, a widower with twelve children, and Mrs. Battle, a widow with the same number. Mrs. Clay had, therefore, twenty-four uncles and aunts! A woman of extraordinary personal charm, she married Mr. Clement C. Clay, jun., of Alabama, who was chosen United States Senator in 1853; and for two brilliant seasons in Washington her "belleship" was undisputed even amid the cultivated and cosmopolitan society of the capital. She made a *succès fou* as "Aunt Ruthy Partington" at a famous fancy dress ball. Miss (or Mrs.) Ada Sterling is a capital, because unobtrusive, editor; and she presents most effectively Mrs. Clay's amusing reminiscences, in which we obtain glimpses of Lord Cavendish (now Duke of Devonshire), T. F. Bayard, Patti, Thackeray, Jenny Lind, Charlotte Cushman, and Lily Price, afterwards Duchess of Marlborough, as well as less transient pictures of President Pierce, President Buchanan and his niece, Miss Lane, and Jefferson Davis. Mrs. Clay describes most vividly the outbreak of war, the society in Richmond, and the refugee days in Georgia. A great part of the book is taken up with a detailed account of Senator Clay's sufferings in Fort Monroe, where he was imprisoned, together with Jefferson Davis, after he had voluntarily surrendered to meet the trumped-up charge of conspiring to murder Lincoln. Mrs. Clay made gallant and ultimately successful efforts to secure her husband's release, and her account is of historical importance. President Johnson makes a contemptible figure in the story, for, though desirous of acting justly, he was evidently terrified of Mr. Stanton, his Secretary of War.

THE ARTIST IN BOOKMAKING.

The art of bookmaking is a phrase of wide application, and may have little to do with the Art *qua* Art. The compound term "bookmaking" is indeed rather perilous to use in this immediate instance, for the intention of the present article is to say something about sheer beauty of form in books, and "bookmaking" or "sheer bookmaking" is more or less a word of scorn signifying beauty neither of matter nor of form. Here, however, we use it reverently of form informed by beauty. But although of late years the outward semblance of books of almost every sort has been influenced, not always savingly and to profit, by the artistic (dare we say the æsthetic?) movement, the volumes that issue from the ordinary printer's and binder's hands are, however admirable, only a stage on the road towards the perfection of this most exquisite of handicrafts. For to obtain a perfect book there must be, first, beauty of contents, for that is the soul of the work; secondly, beauty of typography; thirdly, beauty of format, and withal handicraft throughout and the stern dismissal of the machine—

What I have seen since steam and I began,
 sings MacAndrew,

Leaves me no doubt for the machine, but what
 about the man?

That gospel is certainly acceptable enough in the realm of applied mechanics, but in the domain of ideal bookmaking, we are constrained to harbour the gravest doubts about the machine, and to regard the man as everything. But he must, of course, be a man of his hands. William Morris showed the way, and in a measure, long before his time, another William—to wit, Blake—through sheer poverty had been driven to artistic bookmaking, doing meagrely (yet how enduringly!) what Morris did sumptuously and perhaps less lastingly. But that a higher refinement is possible and practicable has been shown by the makers of the latest volume to issue from the Eragry Press, that studio printing-room where Mr. Lucien Pissarro and his wife carry on, under modifications of their own, the traditions of the Vale Press, founded by Charles Ricketts about a dozen years ago. The Vale type is now destroyed, and the limited editions for which it was used have not diminished in worth thereby; but the sordid considerations of mere market price, although they must perforce play some part in this art, are essentially out of harmony with its true spirit. Still, it is inevitable and just that these choice books must be costly. Mr. Sturge Moore, in his bibliography of the works issued by this artist-printer, says of books in general, "If they be precious, honour them; be liberal for them. We must have fewer then: but those few shall be beautiful. . . . While we muse on the meaning, the eye shall rest happily on the page where fair proportions have been sought and established between margin and text, between type and page."

These conditions have indeed been scientifically and artistically examined and laid down by Mr. Pissarro in his essay on "The Harmony of the Printed Page." But his latest volume, "Some old French and English Ballads, edited by Robert Steele," marks a new development in this cult of the beautiful. We are already accustomed in these slender volumes to exquisite and original initials (usually in rubric), and to woodcuts of satisfying and enduring simplicity from the printer's own graver, but here, as tentatively in an earlier volume, "C'est d'Aucassin et de Nicolette," he has seen the possibilities of the old musical notation with its diamond-shaped symbols, and has made liberal use of them; the stave of the tune immemorially associated with each ballad is printed in red, the notes and bars in black; the stanzas themselves are in black and the refrains in red. The effect is indescribably delightful, and takes the reader (or singer, if he be so gifted) back to the period of the songs with a touch of appropriate magic. Such is the power of this conscientious and reverent handiwork to work something of the spell possessed by the manuscript or the early printed book.

The first ballad of the collection, "Les Princesses au Pommier Doux," has given the artist an excuse for an exquisitely elusive design, subtly suggesting the archaic, yet without crudity. In the printing of this he has made a bolder use of colours than he has hitherto attempted, and the effect is of some vague tapestry wherein the old-time ladies, such as those of whom Villon sang, still pursue the task or the pastime of their hour. Mr. Steele has been judiciously happy in his selection, which ranges from the tenderness of "L'Amour de moi s'y est enclose" to the martial pageantry of "Marlborough s'en va en guerre." The chief interest of the second set of ten ballads, those in English, lies in "The King's Ballad." Henry the Eighth's composition, beginning—

Pastime with good company
 I love, and shall until I die;
 Grudge who will, but none deny
 So God be pleas'd, this life will I
 For my plesance
 Hunt, sing, and dance:
 My heart is set.
 All goodly sport,
 To my comfort,
 Who shall me let?

It is also welcome to find the rattling ballad of the Marlburian campaigns, "We be soldiers three," given in full down to the last verse, with its humorous suggestion of impecuniosity in the change-house.

The edition is, of course, small—two hundred copies on paper, and ten on vellum, make up the number. Collectors who secure paper impressions are fortunate; but the owners of copies on vellum are even more to be congratulated, for the richness and harmony of effect produced by the darker-toned ground makes the rarer impressions more desirable intrinsically, apart from the mere consideration of rarity.

AT THE IRON DOOR UNDER THE ALPS: THE OPENING OF THE SIMPLON TUNNEL.

DRAWN BY G. AMATO, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST



ITALY GREETIS SWITZERLAND UNDERGROUND: THE MEETING OF THE TWO PROCESSIONS AT THE IRON GATE DIVIDING THE TUNNEL.

On the morning of April 2 two processions entered the tunnel in trains, the one from Brigue on the Swiss side, the other from Iselle from the Italian side. Amid a scene of great enthusiasm the dividing door midway was thrown open, and greetings were exchanged between the parties. The Bishop of Novara and the Bishop of Sion embraced, and the latter solemnly blessed the tunnel.

EGGS FOR AN EMPEROR: MOROCCO'S GIFT TO THE GERMAN RULER.

DRAWN BY GEORGE S. COLE



THE TRADITIONAL "MOUNA," OR GIFT OF WELCOME TO A VISITING SOVEREIGN: EGGS, OXEN, AND FOWLS FROM THE SULTAN TO THE KAISER.

When the "Hamburg," with the German Emperor on board, anchored off Tangier, the Sultan followed the Oriental custom of presenting a gift, and barges, one laden with eggs, two with oxen, a third with fowls, and others with other provisions, rowed out to the Emperor's vessel.

THE UNSEEN MENACE OF THE BALTIC FLEET: TOGO'S FLAG-SHIP, THE "MIKASA."

DRAWN BY PERCY F. S. SPENCE.



THE VESSEL FROM WHICH ADMIRAL TOGO DIRECTED THE CRIPPLING OF THE PORT ARTHUR FLEET: THE BATTLE-SHIP "MIKASA."

Even when far away at his secret base in the Elliot Islands, Admiral Togo was always kept by wireless telegraphy in close touch with the doings of every unit of his naval force operating before Port Arthur. From the beginning of the war until his victorious return to Tokio to receive the Emperor's thanks, and to enjoy a short furlough, the Admiral made the "Mikasa" his home. On her quarterdeck, it will be remembered, he received the Japanese corvettes and permitted our Secret Artist, Mr. Frederic Villiers, to make a sketch of him in the discharge of his official duties as he kept a watchful eye on the doomed fortress. It is certain that his vigilance has been no whit relaxed in the near approach of the Baltic Squadron.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

A PLEA FOR FOOD-KNOWLEDGE.

To-day we hear many and deep complaints respecting the feeding and upbringing of children. Similar criticism is lavished on the lack of supervision by parents of the food of their offspring. Legislators in Parliament are calling upon the nation to act *in loco parentis*, and to perform the duty of nourishing the children of the masses, who cannot sustain them, or who will not provide them with their daily bread. If the nation, to save future degeneracy, is to start to discharge parental obligations, we shall soon have our hands full, and we shall be confronted with the spectacle of large numbers of individuals who, to quote the words of a worker among them, "will only rejoice in that they will have more money to spend on beer."

The honest but unfortunate parents should be helped and assisted, and the dissolute imprisoned and made to work in jail for the support of their children. This is the crux of the whole matter. Between decent poverty and that the result of drunkenness, a sharp line must be drawn. It is not the honest working man who has lighted upon hard times that demands the attention of the police in this matter; but the unfortunate thing is that to-day there is little discrimination possible between the two classes. Hence we are "muddling through" the great question of the prevention of degeneracy and crime in the rising generation, and in one sense the great food question lies at the root of all. I have been struck of late days with the vast lack of knowledge regarding the relative values of foods which is exhibited by the great bulk of the population. They are ignorant in most cases of the difference between one food and another, and they know nothing of the functions which one kind of diet is calculated to discharge in the support of the frame as compared with the duties discharged by another variety.

Yet, in all matters relating to the nutrition of the body there can be no question of the absolute importance of a knowledge of at least the elementary principles of the science of food and feeding. Take the question of food-economy, for example. Many of our dietaries are of wasteful character. They cost more money than we require to spend for our adequate support, and we suffer from an excess of this or that, for which excess, of course, we have had to pay. More than this, even, illogical feeding implies risk of disease, just as a proper dietary in many cases forms the backbone of cure. The habits of the working classes in respect of waste of money on food are specially noticeable, equally, of course, with the tremendous waste and extravagance which marks the modern dinner in higher circles of life. If the "plain feeders" accomplish no higher mission than to direct attention to the necessity for revising our dietaries, and to show that life can be healthily supported on much less costly and simpler fare than is generally supposed, they will have laid mankind under a deep debt of obligation.

If the teaching of the laws of health in schools becomes an accomplished fact, I trust due prominence will be given to the subject of foods. I am glad to observe that girls who attend cookery lectures are obliged to acquire a knowledge of the nature of the ingredients with which they deal. Such knowledge, I contend, should be given in the school days. Recently I formed one of a party at which the question of food came up for discussion. The occasion was unpremeditated, and the topic cropped up entirely by chance. My argument that the vast majority of educated persons did not know, and did not care, what was offered to their stomachs was hotly combated. I argued that, as Nature was supposed to "abhor a vacuum," so many people fed on the principle of filling a void. Not that ignorance of food-composition and uses renders a man less capable of enjoying his dinner, but he eats without rhyme or reason, and is unable to distinguish between the things he requires and are good, and the things he does not need and are injurious.

The test of the argument was easily applied. Only one out of five (leaving out two others of the company whose professional education rendered them cognisant of food-science) gave a fairly rational account of the composition of a potato. With respect to the chemical constitution of, say, beef and white fish, the majority were hopelessly at sea. Not one of the five knew why peas and beans and lentils were nutritious, or why we consumed green vegetables which exhibit little if any definite food-constituents at all. It cannot be said that my friends were more than usually ignorant; they were all educated men. But the subject had never appealed to them as an interesting one; they had never been instructed in it, and therefore it was to them an utterly unknown field of thought. Contrast with this the taste for wine and the knowledge of brands. Your claret-connoisseur will tell you the year of a vintage, and will recite to you its merits and demerits without trouble or hesitation, while the solid items of the dietary are not worth his consideration.

Clearly, if we are to feed the poor and destitute, we demand cheapness, and yet a satisfactory fare. The knowledge which enables us to effect this end can only be got from science. Like other kinds of valuable information, it does not "come by chance." A greater interest taken in the science of diet would mean the disappearance of half the food-fads which beset us, and the cultivation of a higher standard of health. We should then be able to understand why the gouty man must limit his flesh foods, and why the man stricken with scurvy cures himself by aid of fresh meats and vegetables. Well may we look for the day when we shall swallow not according to faith, but in the light of a knowledge of what we consume.—ANDREW WILSON.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

J. J. MORTON (Hamilton, Ontario).—The golden rule of criticism is that one should be sure of his ground in offering it. Your solution of No. 3171 is wrong, because Black replies with 1. B to K 2nd, threatening to march out with the King at the right moment.

R. HEE (Coltsworthy).—We have no objection to your criticisms, if only they are founded on knowledge. Problem No. 3170 stands in no need of reconstruction, except to anyone like yourself, who thinks 1. Q to Q 4th solves it.

G. STILLINGFRET JOHNSON.—There appears another solution to your problem by 1. B to Q 8th, P to Kt 5th; 2. B takes B, any move; 3. Kt Moves.

R. NUGENT (Southwold).—We are glad to hear from you again, and note the lapse of time has not effected your skill in solving our problems. Thanks for your kind remarks.

P. DAIV, F. ANDERSON, and many other correspondents are informed that 1. Q takes K (ch) will not solve Problem No. 3170.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 3160 and 3171 received from Banarsi Das (Moradabad); of No. 3172 from Hari Sharan Ratur (Tehri); of No. 3173 from J. J. Morton (Hamilton, Ontario); of No. 3174 from V. Sankara Aiyar, B.A., B.L. (Kumbakonam, India); and J. J. Morton (Hamilton); of No. 3177 from R. Nugent (Southwold), J. W. Haynes (Winchester), and J. Holleman (Kampen, Holland); of No. 3178 from Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), H. S. Brandreth (Florence), R. Nugent (Southwold), Doryman, and Charles Burnett.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3170 received from F. R. Pickering (Forest Hill), J. A. Hancock (Bristol), T. Roberts, F. W. Shaw (Northampton), P. D. (Brighton), Charles Burnett, Sorrento, H. J. Plum (Sandhurst), C. Baker (Rotherham), L. Desanges (West Drayton), W. Hopkinson (Dorset), Doryman, Albert Wolff (Putney), E. Corser (Keigake), A. Baker (Liverpool), R. Winters (Canterbury), H. A. Sims (Stockwell), Shadforth, G. St. George Johnson (Colham), F. Ede (Canterbury), Joseph Willcock (Shrewsbury), F. E. Crawford (Manchester), Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), E. J. Winter-wood, E. G. Rodway (Kilbridge), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Hereward, A. S. Brown (Paisley), and F. Henderson (Leeds).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3178.—By H. MAXWELL PRIDEAUX.

WHITE.

1. B to R 4th

2. Q takes P (ch)

3. Mates.

If Black play 1. K to K 6th, a Q to Kt 3rd (ch); if 1. K to K 4th, a P to K 3rd; and if 1. P to R 4th, then a Q to Q 4th, etc.

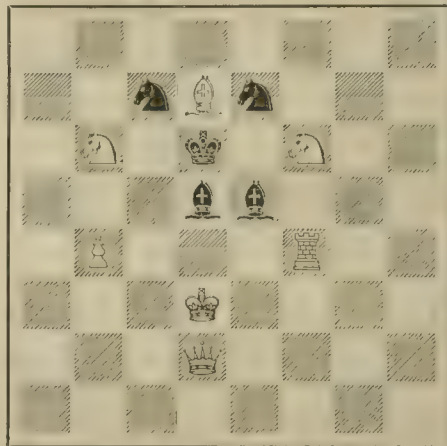
BLACK.

P to K 4th

P takes Q

PROBLEM No. 3181.—By THE REV. G. DOBBS.

BLACK.



WHITE.

Write to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game awarded Brillancy Prize in the Championship Tournament of the New Orleans Chess Club played between Mr. C. ROSEN and Judge J. F. DUBOIS.

(French Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. R.).

1. P to K 4th

2. P to Q 4th

3. Kt to Q B 3rd

4. B to K Kt 5th

5. P to K 5th

6. B takes B

7. Q to Q 2nd

BLACK (Judge L.).

1. P to K 3rd

2. Kt to N B 3rd

3. B to K 2nd

4. Kt to Q 2nd

5. Q takes B

6. Q takes B

7. Q to Q 2nd

The opening follows thoroughly old-fashioned lines, but this particular move is now superseded by Q to Kt 4th.

8. Kt to Q 3rd

9. P to Q B 3rd

10. P to B 4th

11. B to K 4th

12. Kt to B 3rd

13. Castles

8. P to Q B 4th

9. P to B 3rd

10. P to B 3rd

11. P to B 3rd

12. Kt to Q 3rd

13. Kt to Q 4th

14. Kt to R 3rd

15. P to R 4th

16. P to Q 3rd

17. K to K 3rd

18. B to B 2nd

19. Q to R 2nd

20. Kt to K 5th

21. Kt to B 3rd

22. Q R to Q sq

WHITE (Mr. R.).

23. K to R sq

24. P to R 3rd

25. R to Kt 3rd

26. P to K Kt 4th

27. P takes P

28. P to Kt 5th

29. K to Kt 2nd

30. K to Kt 2nd

31. R to R 3rd

32. R to R 3rd

33. Kt to R 4th

34. R to K 2nd

35. B takes B

36. Kt (4th) takes P

37. Kt takes Q (ch)

38. Kt takes Q

39. P to Q 5th

40. Kt takes P

41. Resigns

42. Resigns

43. Resigns

44. Resigns

45. Resigns

46. Resigns

47. Resigns

48. Resigns

49. Resigns

50. Resigns

51. Resigns

52. Resigns

53. Resigns

54. Resigns

55. Resigns

56. Resigns

57. Resigns

58. Resigns

59. Resigns

60. Resigns

61. Resigns

62. Resigns

63. Resigns

64. Resigns

65. Resigns

66. Resigns

67. Resigns

68. Resigns

69. Resigns

70. Resigns

THE KEEPER OF THE RING.

In the days when Russia was moving hot-foot towards war, her published utterances were concerned, for the most part, with peace. Now that her publicists are declaring the intention of the powers that rule Russia to fight—by proxy—until the last cartridge is spent, we are well within our rights in expecting cessation of hostilities. Nations are not unlike men; when deceit is a habit of mind, they cannot become honest, even in disaster. Japan's task is nearly at an end; the work of Great Britain is about to commence in earnest.

Even now it is hard to realise the march of events in the past fifteen months; it is only by turning to serious publications of three or four years ago that we can appreciate the significance of what has happened. Throughout the greater part of Europe and Asia, Russia was feared and hated; now there is nothing but hatred left, with perhaps here and there a little of the pity that is felt for the school bully when, after a long period of merciless dominion, he succumbs to the sounder muscles and better training of some younger lad whom he had despised. It is at least unlikely that the present disregard of Russia is more justified than the old-time exaggerated fear: half-a-million men and two hundred millions sterling would not be matters of vital concern to the Empire if it could but restore order within its gates. Indeed, were Japan robbed of the fruits of victory even now, her antagonist might be ready to resume the struggle before the Tokio Exchequer could face the burden of a fresh campaign. Between Japan and this grave contingency Great Britain has placed herself. To make the situation more interesting to the spectator, and more delicate for the diplomats, the Anglo-Japanese agreement is nearly at an end.

Rumour, who may still be "painted full of tongues," has been busy proclaiming President Roosevelt as an arbitrator in the present crisis of Russia's fortunes, and at time of writing it would seem that the news is too good to be true. Nothing could be more desirable from the British standpoint, because, if the United States gave their friendly services to the Mikado, he, in his turn, would be anxious to reach an understanding with the President in regard to certain problems of the Pacific Ocean. If Japan and the United States agree to remain friendly in the Pacific, the British agreement with the Mikado's Government may well become an offensive and defensive alliance. It would place the British Fleet at the disposal of the far-off Island Empire in case another "Admiral of the Pacific" should seek to make his title good, and would bring Japanese armies to the assistance of our great Asiatic Empire in case any future Father of a Peace Congress should decide that India must be invaded in the interests of civilisation. If Great Britain and Japan convert the present agreement into something stronger and more binding, and there is no fear of a quarrel between the United States and Japan or Great Britain and France, Russia should be spared the expense of building another fleet.

That such a combination of interests is within the bounds of possibility, let the anxiety of the ever-to-be-remembered, never-to-be-overlooked, son-of-his-father and grandson-of-his-father's-father Kaiser, by grace of God, prove! The whole trend of European politics is towards the complete isolation of Germany, and the Kaiser's visit to Tangier is probably the first of a series of desperate endeavours to bring about a much-desired change by destroying the good relations between Great Britain and France. It has created a most awkward situation for M. Delcassé, who does not love Germany; it has furnished Royalists and Clericals with a stout weapon for attacking the Government. And withal, the significance of the whole matter is best realised when we ask ourselves a very simple question. Could the fiery, never-to-be-overlooked ruler send so much as one Pomeranian grenadier to Morocco if Great Britain and France intimated that such a proceeding would be regarded as an unfriendly act? The answer explains the limitation of Germany in every direction save that of making mischief. With Russia powerless upon the water and Turkey in similar plight, where will the Kaiser look for his friends? Hardly to Austria, where his intentions are well known; not to Italy, where the Triple Alliance is almost a dead letter, and the private treaty made by Prince Bismarck with Russia behind the back of the Alliance has not been forgotten. The isolation of Germany and Russia's powerlessness upon the water must have a profound effect upon Near-Eastern politics by keeping Berlin away from Vienna, and leaving Palestine and Syria free from the dominion of the mailed fist.

In short, the next few months will put Lord Lansdowne's statesmanship to a test that few of the tenants of Downing Street have ever been called upon to face. If Great Britain, having kept the ring intact, should succeed in her dealings with the speculators, Russia and Japan will cease from struggling, and the Chinese Empire will be at rest. A grave danger will be removed from India. Germany will not be able to stir up strife in Europe for her own special benefit, and will be left to solve her very serious and urgent problems at her own expense. A halt may be called in the war-ship building trade, and some of the money devoted to the means of reasonable living, instead of preparations for violent death. The armed camps that cover the face of Europe will not be increased; and Powers like Italy may even see the way to lighten their military burdens.

The two men who have the best chance of thwarting Lord Lansdowne's diplomacy are the Kaiser and Admiral Rozhdestvensky. The former, whose sustained efforts on behalf of his country must claim our admiration even while we seek to frustrate them, will run any risk to stave off the impending calamity of isolation, but it is to be feared—or hoped—that the bad faith of Bismarck has destroyed all belief in German promises. Admiral Rozhdestvensky has quite a large fleet, and his success would give war a fresh lease of life. But Admiral Togo has done nothing to forfeit the world's confidence.

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TOGO AGAIN CHALLENGED BY RUSSIA: THE JAPANESE ADMIRAL
ON HIS FLAG-SHIP "MIKASA."

Togo.



READY TO DEAL WITH A SECOND RUSSIAN
FLEET: TOGO ON HIS QUARTER-DECK.



TYPES OF THE MIKADO'S SEAMEN: JAPANESE
SAILORS ON BOARD THE "MIKASA."



UNDER THE ADMIRAL'S EYE: TOGO ON HIS
FLAG-SHIP.



A NAVAL BATTLE-GROUND: THE FORE-DECK OF THE "MIKASA," SHOWING THE GREAT BARBETTE GUNS.

With the appearance of Admiral Rozhdestvensky's squadron off Singapore, interest in the naval side of the war was immediately revived. It was announced that the Russian vessels were shadowed by Japanese cruisers, and it was, of course, a foregone conclusion that Admiral Togo had his weather eye upon them, although, as was equally to be expected, the Admiral's own whereabouts, and that of the bulk of his fleet, remained, to quote the historic phrase, "zerop in mystry." Togo is, of course, outnumbered, but the Russian ships are foul, and consequently slow. Like Nelson, Togo always wears his star.

THE WIDESPREAD DEVASTATION CAUSED BY THE EARTHQUAKE IN INDIA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE PRESS PICTURE AGENCY, BY FRITH, AND BY LAWRENCE.



THE HILLS THAT ROCKED: MUSSOORIE FROM THE CHURCH.



THE HAPPY VALLEY, MUSSOORIE.



QUAINT ARCHITECTURE IN THE DAMAGED CAPITAL OF CASHMIR:
THE BRIDGE OF SHOPS AT SRINAGAR.



ONE OF THE GLORIES OF AMRITSAR SHAKEN BY THE SHOCK:
THE GOLDEN TEMPLE.



RUINED BY THE EARTHQUAKE: THE TOWN HALL AT LAHORE.



THE MAGNIFICENT GATEWAY OF THE TEMPLE AT AMRITSAR.

At Mussoorie, where the damage was widespread, the casualties were fortunately light. Twelve shocks occurred between six o'clock and midnight on April 4, and three of these were severe. At Amritsar the city was extensively damaged, and the loss is calculated at several lakhs of rupees. The damage at Srinagar was also great, and several lives were lost. At Lahore a great part of the facade of the town hall fell, and the whole front wall is so damaged that it must be rebuilt from the foundation.

DESOLATED DHARMSALA: THE INDIAN HILL STATION WRECKED BY THE EARTHQUAKE WITH GREAT LOSS OF LIFE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LIEUTENANT INGLIS.



1. THE SCENE OF THE DISASTER TO THE GURKHAS: THE LINES OF THE 2ND BATTALION OF THE 1ST GURKHA REGIMENT, WHERE FIFTY MEN WERE KILLED AND MANY INJURED.

3. THE SCENE OF THE ANNIHILATION OF THE WING OF THE 7TH GURKHAS: THE CANTONMENT AND LAKE OF DHARMSALA. The left of the nearest group of buildings mark the lines of the 1st Battalion of the 1st Gurkhas. On the right hand spur overlooking Kangra are the lines of the 2nd Battalion. The arrow marks the old British barracks, in which four hundred men of the 7th Gurkhas were overwhelmed.

2. DHARMSALA FROM THE HOUSE OF ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL SUFFERERS, COLONEL ROBINSON.

On the hill is the 1st Gurkhas' Mess, below to the left is the lower cantonment where the pensioned Gurkhas live; in the distance is the Kangra Valley, where the earthquake wrought great havoc, devastating Kangra town. Colonel Robinson, commanding at Dharmsala, lost his wife and two daughters, and was himself severely injured.

4. THE UNFORTUNATE COMMANDANT'S RESIDENCE: COLONEL ROBINSON'S HOUSE IN WINTER.

The cross indicates the civil lines, where the civilians were killed.

A GREAT JUDGE AND A PEER OF LESS THAN THREE MONTHS' STANDING.

THE LATE LORD ST. HELIER.



THE LATE LORD ST. HELIER (SIR FRANCIS JEUNE), EX-PRESIDENT OF THE DIVORCE COURT.

No more eminent unmaker of marriages ever presided over the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Court than Sir Francis Jeune, who died on April 9. A great figure in Society, and a man who never became cynical, despite his daily handling of much that reflected little credit on humanity, the ex-President was one of the most admirable and industrious figures on the Judicial Bench, from which he retired only last January. He was at that time raised to the Peerage with the title of Lord St. Helier. Details of his career appear on another page.

The Remarkable Rise of Reading



STATUE OF

MR. GEORGE PALMER.

the remotest parts of the civilised world. Yet that is but a modest statement of what has really occurred.

Far back in the early days of British History, the Danes had brought their ships up the Thames to the Kennet, and had made Reading a base of their operations.

In the days of the Tudors, its imposing Abbey, founded by King Henry the First, had played a notable part in England's history, and on several occasions Parliament had assembled within its walls.

Again, in the troublous times which preceded the establishment of the Commonwealth, Reading became an important place, but this time from the military point of view. Cromwell, however, destroyed its ancient Abbey, and with that Abbey Reading itself seemed to lose its vitality.

The commencement of the reign of Queen Victoria found it a comparatively sleepy town of some 17,000 inhabitants; and sleepy it might have remained had not the genius of a Palmer set its pulses throbbing once more with healthy energy.

To Reading came in 1811 an ambitious and determined young man, George Palmer by name, who, to the knowledge of milling and baking which he had acquired, added the genius of the born mechanical engineer.

Associating himself with Mr. Thomas Huntley, who had been established in Reading since 1826 as a confectioner, he promptly transformed the business by the introduction of machinery, with which he commenced to produce those delightful biscuits which will ever remain associated with the name of Huntley and Palmers and of Reading. In the short space of ten years they had achieved such distinction that in 1851, at the first International Exhibition, associated for ever with the memory of the illustrious Prince, Consort, they received the honour of a Bronze Medal, the highest Award to the Biscuit trade.

The public liking for their dainty delicacies continued to grow apace, and more assistance in the direction of the business became necessary. Mr. Samuel Palmer and Mr. William I. Palmer joined the firm, the former concentrating his energies mainly upon the London House, which the growth of the business had rendered necessary.

Mr. Huntley died in 1857; but the three brothers, George, Samuel, and William I. Palmer, proved themselves masters of the situation, and, by well-considered division of duties, sent the prosperity of the firm up by leaps and bounds, earning the highest awards made to any British biscuit house at every Exhibition.

The culminating point seemed to have been reached when the great Paris Exhibition of 1878 found them employing nearly three thousand people. Their goods had already found favour abroad as well as at home, and the International Jury awarded them the highest distinction in their power—namely, the "Grand Prize," accompanied by the following striking testimony of merit: "Unrivalled

house; known throughout the world for its enormous production and for the excellent quality of its manufactures."

Exhibition succeeded Exhibition in different parts of the world, and each one found Huntley and Palmers ever foremost. Twice did the National Academy of Agriculture, Manufactures, and Commerce in Paris bestow upon the Reading Firm its Diploma of Honour; and at the last great Paris Exhibition in 1900 the extraordinary distinction of two "Grand Prizes" was conferred upon them, the Jury expressing its convictions in the following words: "This firm has not ceased to progress, either in the extension of its business or in the excellence of its manufactures."

And indeed the extension has been of a remarkable character. To-day the number of operatives employed in the manufacture of their biscuits and cakes, and of the packages to contain them, has risen to nearly 7,000.

The population of Reading has meanwhile increased from 17,000 to nearly 75,000, and both Biscuit Factory and Town give every promise of continued increase.

It goes without saying that agriculture and a host of industries have benefited by this remarkable growth.

The consumption of the materials required for the output of the biscuit factory runs into figures with which the brain is almost bewildered. The butter and milk which are used daily represent the yield of more than 19,000 cows; the eggs of nearly 150,000 hens; whilst the fresh cocoanuts which are annually converted into biscuits and cakes are counted not by the thousand but by the million.

The factory buildings, railway lines, etc., cover a ground exceeding twenty-four acres; but as some of the buildings are of four storeys, the floor-space occupied in the manufacturing, packing, etc., amounts to more than thirty-six acres in all.

Quite a long line of railway traverses the factory, and the firm's own locomotives perform the traction which is required to take their goods from the packing-rooms to the main lines of the Great Western, London and South-Western, and South-Eastern Railways, whilst the carriage of coal and materials inwards; and of cakes and biscuits outwards, furnishes loads for more than 62,000 railway trucks each year, notwithstanding the fact that huge quantities of flour are delivered by road from mills in the immediate neighbourhood. In addition to the railway there are about twelve miles of narrow gauge tram-lines within the Works.

The feature which makes the greatest impression upon Visitors is the absolute cleanliness which characterises all the operations inside the Factory, and few experiences could be more appetising than an inspection of the various processes to which, under the leadership of experienced guides, privileged visitors are admitted by the courtesy of the Directors.

What, however, cannot be realised by the average visitor is the minute and scrupulous care exercised in every department, in order that none but the purest and best ingredients may be employed, and that all the biscuits and cakes which leave the factory may reflect credit on their makers, not only upon the score of quality, but also of their regularity in manufacture and perfect evenness in baking.

A little army of sorters is employed in picking out, rejecting, and breaking up goods which, to the eye of the uninitiated, would certainly pass muster as being thoroughly creditable biscuits; and of such broken biscuits about three tons are distributed gratuitously to the workpeople every Saturday, neatly put up in paper bags.

All the ingredients, too, have to pass the searching scrutiny of Experts in each branch; and the infinite pains which are taken in the cleaning of such



THE MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS.



THE ROYAL BERKSHIRE HOSPITAL.



HUNTLEY AND PALMERS' FIRE BRIGADE.

MOTOR FIRE LAUNCH.

THE DINNER-HOUR: LEAVING THE BISCUIT FACTORY.

articles as sultanas, currants, etc., not to mention the very thorough care bestowed upon flour, sugar, butter, and so forth, and the testing of all the millions of eggs which are used yearly, would astonish even the most careful housewife. These thorough precautions, however, although they naturally add largely to the cost of manufacture, have placed the firm of Huntley and Palmers upon the high pinnacle of reputation of quality which they enjoy wherever biscuits are known and used.

The generation of the founders of the business has passed away, but the memory of their good deeds, and of the benefits which they conferred upon the Town of their adoption, remains very fresh in the minds of the inhabitants.

A statue of Mr. George Palmer stands in the principal street, and there are countless indications through the town of the magnitude of their efforts to promote the welfare of the people of Reading.

Eight of their lineal descendants are now Directors of the Company, and have borne their share in one direction or another of the responsibilities which such great success entails.

The family of Palmer has given three Members to Parliament, two Mayors to the Town, and two High Sheriffs to the County, whilst several take their share of the duties of the Magisterial Bench; and one is a Director of the Great Western Railway Company.

Their numerous benefactions of one kind and another to the Royal Berkshire Hospital, the Reading University College, the Royal College of Music; and to the facilities for Recreation and Sport within the Borough—notably the Palmer Park, the Town Recreation Ground in King's Meadows, and the Reading and District Amateur Sports Club—have been of a very munificent character, and would fill many pages of interesting reading; and upon two members of the Family their grateful fellow-townpeople have conferred the freedom of the Borough.

Their workpeople have the benefit of large and well-aired rooms in which to take their meals if they so desire, whilst the reading-rooms are much appreciated; and every traveller to Reading is familiar with the fine stretch of land, covering thirteen acres alongside the River Thames, provided by the Directors as a Recreation Ground for their employees.

A well-supported Sick Fund is in existence, and a Medical Officer attached to the Factory is in daily attendance, at the Dispensary and Surgery on the premises, but the conditions of employment are so salubrious that his work is not of an arduous character.

Whilst young blood and young brains are well to the front, the Directors, nevertheless, maintain an attitude of great consideration for those who have completed a lengthy term of service. At pretty frequent intervals the Directors have occasion for interesting little functions at which they make presentations to men who have completed fifty years of service with them, and the pensions that they grant to meritorious servants whose days of active work are over amount to several thousands of pounds per annum.

Naturally, great attention is paid to the prevention of fire, and to the maintenance of an up-to-date equipment for grappling with such a calamity if it should occur.

A vigorous Fire Brigade of over one hundred men is recruited from every department, so that throughout these vast buildings there are in every direction men trained to take the lead in case of an accident. Fire drills are frequent, appliances for grappling promptly with trouble are visible throughout the Works, and, utilising the River Kennet, which flows between the Factories, crossed by many covered bridges, the Directors have recently acquired a powerful Motor Fire Float, which is the first of its kind in the world.

The services of the Brigade are always at the disposal of the Corporation in case of an outbreak of fire in the Town, and on several occasions the municipal officers have expressed their thanks for assistance thus rendered.

The equipment of the Fire Brigade embraces ingenious smoke-proof helmets, enabling the wearers to remain for a lengthy time in the densest smoke; and

another striking feature consists of a so-called Water-tower, which combines with a Fire-escape the means of pouring a large volume of water from the top of the Escape in a horizontal direction, so as to reach the remotest corners of a burning room.

The Brigade is, of course, under the direction of the Engineering Department, which is one of great magnitude, for the Directors of Huntley and Palmers, Limited, make in their works practically the whole of the machinery which they require, and a visit to the Engineering side reveals a magnitude of operations, and an instance of modern methods, which would do credit to many a firm concerned with Engineering alone.

Under the Engineering Department is also included practically every known trade. Bricklayers, Masons, Joiners, Carpenters, Painters, Plumbers, Wire-workers, Tin-smiths, Case-makers, etc., go to make up an Engineering Staff of more than a thousand men; and the long lanes of stacks of timber required for Case-making are not the least imposing feature of this remarkable establishment.

The Book of Honour, which is kept in the Visitors' Office, contains the signatures of many men and women who have made their mark upon the history of the last half-century; foremost, of course, is noticed that of his Majesty King Edward VII., who, following the example of her late Majesty Queen Victoria, has graciously conferred upon Huntley and Palmers the warrant of Purveyors to his Majesty.

Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales and many other Princes, Princesses, and Statesmen, as well as the late President Grant, the Empress Eugénie, potentates from Asia and Africa, and some of the enlightened builders-up of the new Japanese Political System have from time to time visited the Factory, and expressed delight at all they saw. To many of these the firm of Huntley and Palmers hold the Court Appointment as Purveyors, the most recent distinction of this kind having been conferred by his Majesty the Emperor of Japan.

Side by side with this great growth, the Town of Reading has attracted industries of other kinds. The Nursery Gardens of its well-known Seedsmen are very extensive and important. Printing Works and Engineering establishments are rising day by day, drawn, perhaps, by the reputation which Reading has achieved for good and reliable labour.

The Arts and Sciences, too, have made great strides, and give much promise for the future.

Reading School, which was founded more than four hundred years ago, naturally forms a most valuable educational centre, and here also there is every probability that the next few years will witness developments which will bring this institution on to the same level of revived activity which the rest of the town is displaying.

Reading College is now a University College affiliated to Oxford University, and its Schools of Art, of Music, of Handicrafts, of Agriculture, Dairying, and Horticulture are attracting large numbers of students from all parts of the Kingdom.

In Music, also, the devoted zeal of Dr. Read and others is creating a love for the art, and an efficiency in execution both vocal and orchestral, which bids fair, in conjunction with University College, to make Reading one of the most enlightened Music centres in the Kingdom.

The public buildings are of a very important character, embracing the unusual number of two Town Halls, together with an Art Gallery, Museum, and Free Library, and the Royal Berkshire Hospital is a conspicuous monument of the benevolence and public spirit of this thriving community.

An extensive system of Electric Tramways, the property of the Corporation, was inaugurated in 1903, and on every side there are signs that the importance of the town is likely to rival that of some of the most famous industrial centres of the Kingdom, and that its destinies are in the hands of earnest men of great energy and intelligence.



THE ORIGINAL FACTORY.



THE FACTORY OF HUNTLEY AND PALMERS, LIMITED, IN 1905.

DECEIVING AN EMPRESS: A RUSE OF RUSSIAN STATECRAFT.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE

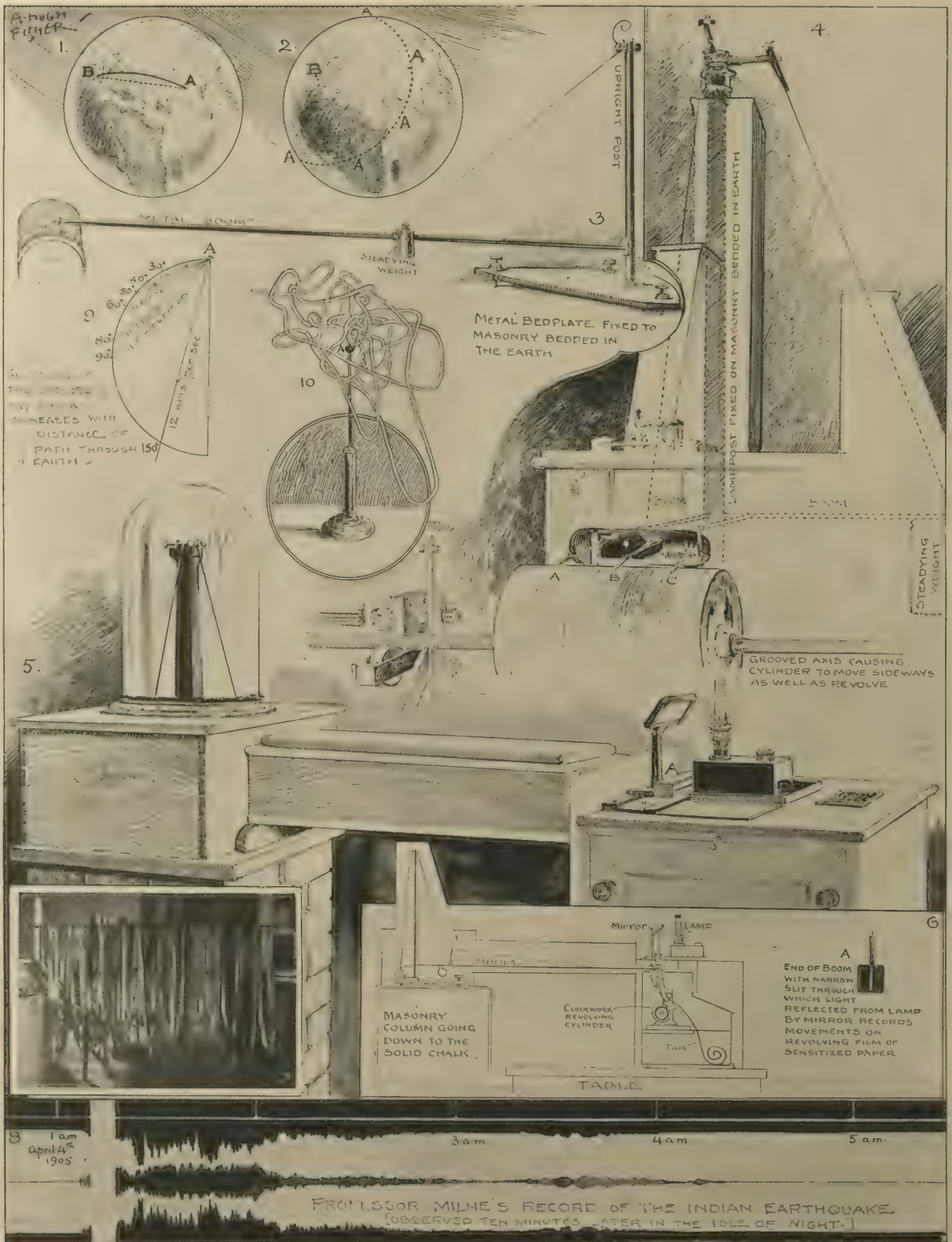


BOGUS PROSPERITY: POTEMKIN SHOWING CATHERINE II. AN APPARENTLY CONTENTED AND PROSPEROUS VILLAGE.

Potemkin, the favourite of the Empress Catherine II., used during her Majesty's royal progresses to patch miserable villages into a state of apparent prosperity, and to set up townships that were mere shams. He peopled them with peasants who had been comfortably dressed for the occasion, and drove these actors in spite of themselves on to the stage of his picture. It was doubtful whether Catherine would have cared very much even if she had passed miserable hovels, but her Minister was premature enough to think otherwise, and perhaps up to this point his sentiments, if not his actions, did him credit. The tradition is not altogether dead, for the members of the strikers' delegation at Tsarskoe Selo after the recent massacres were specially groomed and thrust into comfortable clothes for their appearance before the Little Tichka.

MACHINES THAT RECORDED THE INDIAN EARTHQUAKE: THE ISLE OF WIGHT SEISMOGRAPHS.

DRAWINGS BY A. HUGH FISHER, MADE BY KIND PERMISSION OF PROFESSOR JOHN MILNE, OF SHIDE SEISMOGRAPHIC OBSERVATORY, ISLE OF WIGHT.



1. THE PATHS OF EARTHQUAKE TREMORS.—From an earthquake disturbance at A, tremors, or waves of motion, are projected in every direction, and a seismograph stationed at B receives both the waves of motion projected over the surface of the earth in the curved line A-B, and also the tremors projected through the earth in the dotted straight line A-B.

2. METHOD OF LOCATING SHOCKS OBSERVED.—Prof. Milne's observations over a large number of years have enabled Professor Milne to establish a rule between the arrival of the first wave over the surface and the arrival of the first tremor through the earth, with which he can at once calculate the distance, and, stationed at B, can tell that a given disturbance must be somewhere in a circle A-A of radius B-A on the surface of the globe.

3. MODEL SHOWING THE PRINCIPLE OF THE SEISMOGRAPH.—A nearly horizontal boom swings freely upon an upright post. To its outer end is attached a needle which scratches a revolving cylinder of smoked paper, recording thereon all its vibrations.

4. SEISMOGRAPH, WITH TWO "BOOMS," MAKING RECORD ON SMOKE PAPER CYLINDER REVOLVED BY CLOCKWORK.—Needles A and B are attached to the "booms," needle C to clockwork marking the hour.

5. SEISMOGRAPH RECORDING VIBRATIONS ON PHOTOGRAPHIC FILM, EXPLAINED BY DIAGRAM 6.

6. DRYING PHOTOGRAPH-FILMS OF EARTHQUAKE RECORDS AFTER DEVELOPING.—About 100 feet of ribbon used every week at Shide.

7. FACSIMILE OF THE ACTUAL RECORD OBTAINED BY PROFESSOR MILNE AT SHIDE, ISLE OF WIGHT, OF THE INDIAN EARTHQUAKE BETWEEN 1 A.M. AND 5 A.M. ON APRIL 4.

8. DIAGRAM SHOWING THE VELOCITY OF TREMORS THROUGH THE EARTH FROM A DISTURBANCE AT POINT A.

9. MODEL REPRESENTING THE PATH OF AN EARTH PARTICLE, A, DURING AN EARTHQUAKE ON JANUARY 15, 1887.—It was constructed by the late Professor Sekiya, of Tokio.



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LADIES' PAGES.

It is interesting to know that the band of bright young women, all daughters of Dukes or Earls, who stood around Queen Alexandra at that brilliant wedding at Windsor just over forty-two years ago, has remained unbroken in numbers till now. Lady Diana Huddleston is the first of them to pass away. All of them married but one; Lady Diana's match was the most surprising, her husband being only a successful lawyer, and much her senior. Engravings of the picture of "The Wedding of the Prince of Wales," by Mr. Frith, R.A. (who still lives, well advanced in the "eighties," by the way), have made us all familiar with the appearance of the bride's bevy of attendant maidens, dressed in enormous crinolines supporting flounced tulle frocks trimmed with garlands of roses, and having wreaths of roses round their heads. Queen Alexandra herself, the most beautiful of all on that occasion, still remains the most charming figure in society. This sounds, I understand, absurd flattery to people who have not had the privilege of seeing her Majesty; but those who do see her personally know that it is exactly true. When she is there, the eyes of the spectators are rivetted by her perennial grace and charm.

Doubtless much of the charm is the unconscious expression of a sweet, loving, and gracious nature. In the letters of members of her family as they come to light—those of the late Princess Alice and the late Duchess of Teck, for instance—endearing epithets are seen to drop naturally into their place before Queen Alexandra's name; she is always "dear" or "kind" or "sweet Alix" to her relations. "Alix is a great darling, and I love her every day more and more!" cries the Duchess of Teck once. So there is verisimilitude, at any rate, in a report published in a Paris newspaper, the *Gaulois*, of an "interview" with our Queen on board the royal yacht at Marseilles by M. Etienne Richet. The words may be the words of a Parisian *littérateur*, but it is easy to believe that they express accurately the thoughts of our Queen. On politics in detail she refused to speak, but she urged "mutual affection, mutual habits of justice and charity. You gentlemen say war, but we women, we say peace, peace within every nation, and peace between nations. I have always dreaded the warlike preparations on which the peoples never weary of working, those soldiers' guns and inflammable matter that is all accumulated, whence may spread the awful fire that throws mankind on earth into mourning, and must grieve in Heaven the Father of men."

If the Queen has raised the age for continuing to be beautiful, the late Duchess Dowager of Abercorn may share with the Baroness Burdett-Coutts the honour of showing to how prolonged a stage of life mental



A PRETTY SPRING FROCK.

This is built in a plaid woolen material, softly draping. The deep-shaped belt and the yoke-piece are of plain cloth, fastened with buttons, and the throatlet and vest, as well as the lower part of the sleeves, are in lace.

and moral charm may be conserved. The late Duchess was actually a sister of Lord John Russell, and to the very end she was quite the ideal of sweetness and intelligence to her numerous descendants. Baroness Burdett-Coutts, who is, as the late Duchess was, in the "nineties" (Good Friday is her ninety-second birthday), sent the other day a beautiful message to the anniversary of the Ragged School Union. She desired the meeting to be told that she rejoiced in the good work of the society, for, she said, "she still retains some strength to care for others, and some thoughts that are not of sorrow." Indeed, one who has seen so much improvement made in social matters, and knows that she has herself been able to help in no small measure in that advance, ought to enjoy such cheerful retrospect. It is not easy for us of younger generations to realise how great the advance has been. Standing before a picture in the Royal Academy winter show some few years ago, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts said to me, "The last time I saw this picture, it was hanging in Mr. Samuel Rogers's dining-room." Then she went on to tell me how kind the then old man was to her as a girl, and how much she saw of him; her father's house was adjacent to that of the banker-poet, and he gave her a key to go through his garden-gate as often as she pleased. Samuel Rogers is thus brought very close to us. Yet in his "Table Talk" there is a passage that reads to us to-day as if it must refer to centuries ago in Russia—by no means to a fact in England in the personal experience of one who was a contemporary of one who is our contemporary, yet living amidst us. This is what Mr. Rogers says: "When I was a lad, I recollect seeing a whole *carful* of young girls, in dresses of various colours, on their way to be executed at Tyburn. They had all been condemned, on one indictment, for having been concerned in the burning of some houses during Lord George Gordon's riots—that is, perhaps, for having been spectators of the burning. It was quite horrible! Greville was present at one of the trials consequent on these riots, and heard several boys sentenced to be hanged. 'Never,' said Greville with great naïveté, 'did I see boys cry so!'"

There is a Bill before Parliament which it is to be hoped will pass in the interests of women. It is now in the hands of the Grand Committee on Law. The object is to appoint a Public Trustee, who will officially undertake the charge of money, its investment, and all the other business that a trustee is appointed to do on behalf of persons whose future is thus secured from their own mistakes or rashness. It is a thankless office for a private person to be a trustee, and so very often personal friends and relatives refuse to undertake the task, and the business falls into the hands of solicitors or other persons who prove untrustworthy and

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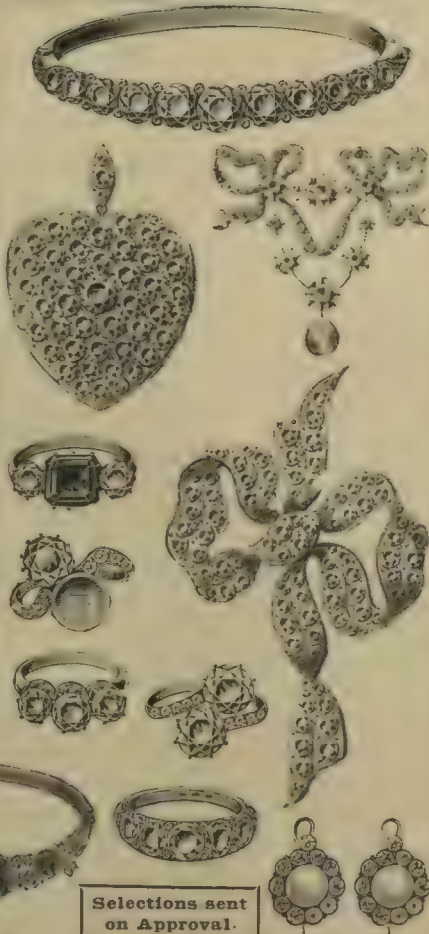
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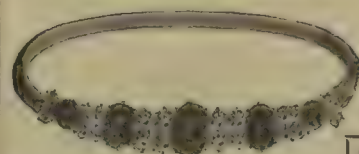
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abuse the confidence reposed in them. How many sad cases come before the public—and yet they are only a fraction of those that are hushed up—in which the provision made for a widow or single daughters by a good man deceased is appropriated by a dishonest trustee, and the victims are left ruined and penniless! A public official would, of course, be unable to do anything but carry out the business entrusted to him in a strict manner. In New Zealand, that home of happy experiments in social betterment, there has been a Public Trustee at work for many years, and the results are entirely satisfactory; so it is to be hoped that here, too, we may soon be freed, by such a functionary existing, from embarrassing requests to be a trustee on the one hand, and from the downfall of too-much-trusted men and the ruin of their clients on the other hand.

Miss Ada Crossley, whose marriage will interest all who have heard her sing, shares with Madame Melba and Madame Albani the distinction of representing our Colonies in "the divine art." Miss Crossley, like Madame Melba, is a native of Victoria. A fortunate chance first brought Miss Crossley prominently forward. Madame Clara Butt was engaged to sing the contralto music of the "Messiah" at the Leeds Festival in 1898, and, having mistaken the hour at which the proceedings began, she was not there in time. Miss Crossley, luckily for herself and her future audiences, was there and knew the music, so she filled the gap. It is to the honour of Madame Clara Butt that, instead of resenting this interposition, she thanked her substitute and presented her with a handsome pendant in memory of the occasion. Many excellent singers never get such a lucky chance to bring them "out of the ruck"; failing that, the possession of money is indispensable for success for the owner of the most beautiful of voices. This fact, too little known, was brought out in a case heard in the Law Courts last week, when a lady was sued for the balance of £100 which she had agreed to pay for her daughter's having the privilege of singing at one London concert! I say that the truth on this matter is too little known, for much useless training and futile hope would be spared if widowed mothers who have charming girls with beautiful voices did understand in good time that there is hardly any chance for the singer unless some hundreds of pounds can be paid out for advertising her, over and above the cost of training the voice. Madame Melba issued a warning to this effect to her fellow-colonists some little time ago; but it is quite as applicable to British girls. The golden key is the only one that opens the locked door to fame—saving for some rare and lucky chance.

"Irish point," as the French designers euphemistically term Irish crochet, is being used on many fabrics besides on the linen frocks. They have taken a great fancy to it in Paris, and place motifs of it on cloths and voiles alike, with bands of it for harmonising trimming, and little vests or larger yokes of it at the top of the corsage and surrounding the throat. The



A CARRIAGE OR THEATRE COAT.

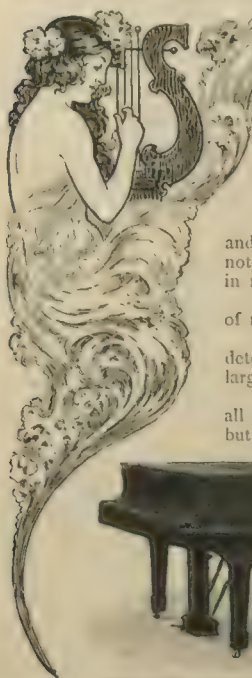
Black glaze builds the fashionably designed wrap, which is equally suitable for wear as a dust-coat in driving, or, if warmly lined, for an opera coat. It is trimmed with gausings of the same material, and finished with a lace collar and vest and sleeve frills.

deep, cape-like collars of last season, naturally, are no longer the height of the mode; but they can in some shapes be adapted as yokes or as edgings to the fashionable fichu effects. The big "sailor" collar is

not one of those that contain possibilities for the new styles of corsage, but any shape that can be made to fit round a V-shaped yoke, and to sit over the top of the sleeves of the new degree of fullness, may be utilised. Lace collars formed in a succession all round of deep Vandyke points are fashionable. An *empiècement*, probably in mousseline-de-soie, both at the back and the front of the corsage, is surrounded with a lace collar in this design; and it does not fall loose, but is fixed down as an integral portion of the composition, trimming on the top of the sleeves as much as the rest of the bodice.

It is really wonderful to see the beauty of the silks that are being displayed. Their prices are so moderate, too, by comparison with what one used to consider the necessary cost of a sumptuous-looking frock of this glorious material. It is to be hoped that, in addition to this reduction of cost, the manufacturers have discovered how to make their fabrics more lastingly serviceable. The great objection to silk, in the mind of the economical woman, the chief reason why it went out of fashion, was that, after she had paid for a gown of it and taken the trouble of getting it made, it went into slits at the folds before she had reasonable opportunity of enjoying the confection. The demand for cheapness and show is quite opposed to solid lasting qualities, certainly. It was the craze for low-priced silk that led to the fabric being adulterated and made rotten, for a good, genuine silk is one of the most lasting of materials—witness the silks of our ancestresses, of which some remain unto this day to show how well the real product of the silkworm stands the wear-and-tear of use and time—but then they cost a great deal of money in the first place. Whether the new silks prove lasting or not, certainly they are very lovely. Shot so cunningly that in varying lights the effect is chameleon-like; overlaid with tiny lines

to make almost invisible checks that give the effect of shot rather than of checks; heavily brocaded in exquisite designs; sprinkled with tiny clusters of flowers, or elaborately designed for evening wear with patterns of trails of blossoms and ribbon ties; chené and blurred of surface, or all in one delicate and rich colour—they are truly attractive in every novel guise, dainty or splendid at choice. The newest variety of silk is a combination in its qualities of soft taffetas and *crêpe-de-Chine*; it is called "Radium," and has a charming bloom upon it and a delightful softness in its draping qualities, causing lights and shades to play upon its surface in a manner that justifies its name. Many of the silks might be embroidered, so far as the eye can detect. There are sweet little parti-coloured bouquets raised on a cream-coloured ground, or spots or diamond-shapes in darker tones set on pink, or *Sevrès-blue*, or *heliotrope fuchs*, that one might feel certain were the work of the needle, but that are much less costly than hand embroideries can ever be, so as to come within the limits of even modest dress budgets. FILOMENA.



Secret of The Steinway.

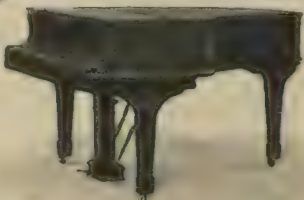
To "assemble" or put together, a piano—the keys from one maker, the action from another, the case from a third, and so on—is a comparatively easy task. To build a piano from the beginning is an entirely different matter.

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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Dr. Gore is now undertaking the full duties of the diocese of Birmingham. "No permanent harm," he says, "was done by the accident to my eye." The Bishop of London is preaching this week at St. Peter's, Eaton Square. At Kensington Palace a series of lectures were issued to the public.

The Bishop of London is preaching this week at St. Peter's, Eaton Square. At Kensington Palace a series of lectures were issued to the public.



THE KAISER AND HIS MOORISH ESCORT.

The Kaiser was escorted in a line of five Bashi-Bazouks, and between two and three of the

and a quarter of an hour before the time of service the doors were opened to all. Crowds assembled nearly an hour before the time of worship, but excellent arrangements were made to prevent any confusion.

The mid-day Lenten sermons at St. Paul's Cathedral were fairly well attended. The preacher last week was the Rev. E. F. Crosse, Vicar of St. Luke's, Barrow-in-Furness; this week it is the Archdeacon of Southwark. It is greatly to be desired that the Dean and Chapter should secure, for at least the closing weeks of Lent, men whose names are a household word to English Churchmen.

Father Adderley contributes to the *Guardian* a very interesting article on his father, the late Lord Norton.

It is mentioned that Lord Norton read Keble's "Christian Year" every Sunday night. "He admired the writings of Bishop Gore, and especially Canon

constant study of Scripture—this was his practice for all his long life."

Preparations for the Weymouth Church Congress are well advanced. The Bishops of London, Birmingham, and Durham have been invited to preach the official sermons. One of the meetings is to be held at Dorchester, the old home of Bishop Moule.

The Rev. A. Baines, who succeeded the Rev. Frank Swainson at All Saints' Church, Sheffield, has returned from a trip to the Holy Land. He is carrying on successfully the large Bible class for men which



MAURITANIA AND GERMANY: THE KAISER IN CONVERSATION WITH ABD EL MALIK, THE MOORISH SULTAN'S UNCLE.

The Sultan's uncle received the Kaiser when he disembarked, and held a long conversation with him. They again conferred at length before the Emperor returned to the "Hamburg." Note at the Emperor's belt the revolver which a picturesque French journalist declared "under all Tangier dream."

Scott Holland's *Lux Mundi* essay on 'Faith.' . . . His religion was of the very best old-fashioned kind. Family prayers, a quiet Sunday, frequent Communion,



GERMAN OFFICERS TRYING A HORSE PRESENTED TO THE KAISER BY THE SULTAN.

Among the presents which the Sultan offered to the Emperor were several magnificent Arab horses, which the German officers examined critically before the Emperor disembarked.

made the name of Mr. Swainson known throughout England.

The May Meeting programme is now practically complete. Looking over the list, I notice that the London City Mission has secured two unusually attractive speakers, the Dean of Canterbury and Dr. Campbell Morgan. The Presbyterians have been obliged to hold their missionary meeting a month earlier than usual, as they could not obtain the Queen's Hall in May. The Baptist Union is postponing its business till the World's Congress meets in July.

The Bishop of Winchester, who has been in residence at Farnham Castle during the winter, is to take a short holiday at Easter. Dr. Ryle has quite thrown off the effects of his recent illness.

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A Motor Expert's Opinion

ARGYLL

Motor Cars.

HENRY NORMAN, Esq., M.P.,
who has made Motor Cars his special study, writes in the "World's Work" for February, says:—

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SOLD IN
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MESSRS JOHN PLAYER & SONS, NOTTINGHAM, will forward testing samples post free to applicants mentioning this paper.

EASTER TRAVELLING.

The London and North-Western Railway Company announces that the ticket offices at Euston, Broad Street, Victoria (Picnic), Kensington, and Willesden Junction will be open throughout the day, from Monday, April 17, to Monday, April 24, inclusive, so that passengers wishing to obtain tickets can do so at any time of the day prior to the starting of the trains, and so avoid the crush at the stations. Tickets, dated to suit the convenience of passengers, can also be obtained at any time (Sundays and Bank Holidays excepted) at the town receiving-offices of the company. Additional express trains will be run and special arrangements made in connection with the London and North-Western passenger trains for the Easter holidays.

The Great Western Railway Company has made complete arrangements for the conveyance in comfort of the holiday passengers travelling at Easter. Many of the principal expresses will be run in two parts, and several additional expresses will be run on the days preceding Good Friday. The Great Western Railway Company has also issued a forty-page pamphlet giving details of excursions from London to about five hundred towns and seaside and inland resorts for periods varying from half-day and day to fifteen days, at low fares, thus affording countrymen in London an opportunity of visiting their homes at small cost, and Londoners are enabled to take a holiday at some of the most delightful pleasure resorts in the United Kingdom. The pamphlet can be obtained gratis at the company's stations.

Quaint and ingenious advertising characterises the age we live in—a fact that the Great Northern Company has not been slow to recognise. In the shape of an Easter egg, a coloured pictorial announcement issued by the Great Northern Railway Company displays a third-class return ticket with the words "King's Cross to Anywhere." One has but to turn over the pages of this pamphlet to realise that splendid opportunities for travel are being offered by the company. A letter or a call at any station or Great Northern office throughout the entire system, asking for further information, will be promptly attended to. A speciality is being made of week-end tickets, which will be issued on the Thursday, Good Friday, or Saturday, and available for return up to and including the following Tuesday.

The Midland Railway Company announces that on Good Friday, Easter Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, day excursion tickets will be issued to Southend and Westcliff-on-Sea, in addition to the week-end tickets, as announced on special bills. Half-day and week-end tickets will be issued every Saturday, until further notice, to Flitwick, Ampthill, Turvey, Olney, Midsington, Bedford, Wellesborough, and Kettering. Week-end tickets will be issued on Thursday, April 20, as well as on Friday and Saturday, April 21 and 22, from London (St. Pancras) to the principal seaside and inland holiday resorts, including the Peak District of Derbyshire, Morecambe, Lake District, Yorkshire, the North-East Coast, and Scotland, available for return on any day (where train service permits) up to and including the following Tuesday, April 25, except day of issue. Tickets, bills, etc., may be had at St. Pancras and other Midland stations and City booking-offices, and from Thomas Cook and Son, Lindgate Circus and branch offices.

The Great Central Railway Company is offering ample and admirable facilities to those desirous of spending Easter at places reached by its comfortable and picturesque route. Excursions are announced from London (Marylebone), Woolwich, Greenwich, and Metropolitan stations, to all the principal towns and holiday resorts in the Midlands, North of England, North-East and

North-West Coast watering-places, Douglas (Isle of Man), Scotland, and Ireland. The information has been concisely tabulated in the form of an A.B.C. programme.

For visiting Holland and Germany during the Easter holidays, the Great Eastern Railway's Royal British Mail Hook of Holland route offers exceptional facilities. Passengers leaving London in the evening and the Northern and Midland counties in the afternoon arrive at the chief Dutch cities the following morning. A corridor-train with vestibuled carriages, dining and breakfast cars, is run on the Hook of Holland service between London and Harwich. From the Hook of Holland through carriages and restaurant-cars run in the North and South German express-trains to Cologne, Bâle, and Berlin, reaching Cologne at noon, Bâle and Berlin in the evening. Special cheap tickets have been arranged by the Harwich-Antwerp route for passengers wishing to visit Brussels for the Field of Waterloo, also to Liège for the Universal Exhibition.

The Great Eastern Railway will issue tourist, fortnightly and Thursday, Friday, or Saturday to Monday or Tuesday tickets to Yarmouth, Gorleston-on-Sea, Lowestoft, Mundesley-on-Sea, Cromer, Clacton-on-Sea, Walton-on-Naze, Dovercourt, Harwich, Felixstowe, Aldeburgh, Southwold, and Hunstanton, by all trains from Liverpool Street, also from Great Eastern suburban stations at same fares as from Liverpool Street; also from St. Pancras (Midland Station) and Kentish Town to Hunstanton, Yarmouth, Gorleston-on-Sea, Lowestoft, Mundesley-on-Sea, and Cromer (except on Good Friday).

The South-Eastern and Chatham Railway announces special excursion tickets to Paris, via Folkestone and Boulogne, by the service leaving Charing Cross at 2.20 p.m. on April 19, 21, and 22, and by trains leaving Charing Cross at 10 a.m., 2.5 and 2.20 p.m. on Thursday, April 20. They will also be issued by the night mail service leaving Charing Cross at 9 p.m. and Cannon Street at 9.5 p.m., from April 19 to 22, inclusive, via Dover and Calais.

The splendid programme of excursions arranged by the London and South Western Railway Company for the Easter Holidays is well worth the consideration of any in doubt as to the best place to spend an enjoyable time. No difficulty will be experienced in making a selection from the numerous delightful resorts reached by this company on the sunny south and south-west coasts, the most lovely of which will be found between Southsea and Plymouth, and include the Isle of Wight, Bournemouth, Swanage, Weymouth, Lyme Regis, Seaton, Sidmouth, Budleigh Salterton, Exmouth, etc. Fast excursion trains will run direct from Waterloo Station in a few hours; the cheap fares, comfortable carriages, and smooth running over a well-laid track all combine to make a pleasant journey. Many will be spending Easter on the Continent: for such the company has made ample arrangements. Fourteen-day excursion tickets will be issued from Waterloo to the French coast for Paris, Normandy, Brittany, etc.

At Easter it is now quite the fashion to flit across the Channel to Dieppe, Rouen, or Paris, where, on foreign soil, amidst unfamiliar scenery and surroundings, it is not difficult to dismiss from the mind all business worries; and, to enable the journey to be performed economically, the Brighton Railway Company has arranged to run special fourteen-day excursions, via the Newhaven-Dieppe Royal Mail route, through the charming scenery of Normandy and the Valley of the Seine. The tickets will be issued on Thursday, April 20, by the morning express service and by a special afternoon service, also by the express night service on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evenings, April 19 to 22.

MUSIC.

There are times in the lives of music-lovers when they realise to the full, the depth and meaning of the sonnet with which Keats recorded his first impressions of Chapman's Homer. In the world of music, they too may claim that they have "travelled in the realms of gold," and that they have felt like "some watcher of the skies, When a new planet swims into his ken." A planet, likely to become in course of time a fixed star of the first magnitude, is M. Jacques Thibaud, the violinist, who was heard by the most of his audiences for the first time last week. He came, and conquered, passing at once to the serene atmosphere where Joachim, Ysaye, Kreisler, and a few other masters of the violin seem to dwell by themselves. To point out that M. Thibaud's genius is intellectual rather than emotional, is to admit the greater difficulties he had to overcome before he could reach his audience; for, just as sensuous or emotional music makes the greatest appeal to the greatest number, work that is purely intellectual often answers questions that the audience has not asked.

Why will young pianists insist upon regarding the concerto as the *pièce de résistance* in the programme of their concerts, without due regard to their own special gifts? This question came back to us with renewed insistence at the Queen's Hall last week, when Wilhelm Backhaus gave a concert to celebrate his coming of age, and was received with unbounded enthusiasm by a crowded house. Concerti by Beethoven and Tchaikovsky impose a severe test upon any performer, and we do not think we are unjust to Mr. Backhaus in suggesting that his success with them was distinctly limited. Though he made light of the technical difficulties, he seemed to find far more to overcome than to express. Now, the difficulties of such music are the sandbanks and dangerous shallows that guard the entrance to the quiet haven of the composers' intentions. Mr. Backhaus reached the harbour amid a scene of unwonted rejoicing—but he did not explore its beauties. How much better in feeling and intelligence was his rendering of the Chopin Study in A flat and the "Berceuse" (Op. 57)! Such music is his own, to interpret for our unending delight, but the concerti are the exclusive property of the greatest masters, and when Mr. Backhaus essays them, we cannot but regard him as a trespasser, even while paying due tribute to his many gifts.

The importance of the rôle played by the accompanist is recognised to-day more clearly than it has ever been, and when Miss Agnes Nicholls and Mr. Hamilton Harty gave their recital at the Bechstein Hall last week, singer and player were as "twin halves of a perfect whole." It would not be easy to overpraise Miss Nicholls, whose beautiful voice is under the control of an intelligence that is always alert and always artistic. The recital covered a great deal of ground. Miss Nicholls was heard at her best in work by Dvorák, Strauss, and Cyril Scott.

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He girdes for fight
Nor sheweth betwixt
For well he knows
That on his foe
Caval hindought by knoxes
Till black & blue blows
In every thw
He'll be good as new
In a day or two

With
Elliman's Embrocation

Bell's THREE NUNS TOBACCO



"Tell 'ee what, my lad, ef things be no better *this* year, I'm agoin' to raise "THREE NUNS" on the meadow bit—at'll pay all right!"

Stronger—
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W. All Lieutenant

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Philip Mookes

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Lady Sykes on Tatcho.

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Joanna Sykes

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Chairman

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A MILITIA RIFLE CUP.



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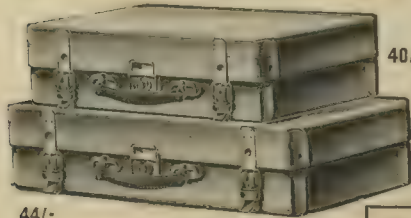
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THE WAR: AN EXPERT COMMENTARY.

BY K.N.

An entirely new act in the great drama has been opened by the appearance of the Second Pacific Squadron in the neighbourhood of Singapore. Those who have studied this column can hardly be surprised to find that Admiral Rozhdestvensky has made up his mind to press on; but it was scarcely so quickly that his force was expected to make its appearance in the China Seas. Rather the indications pointed to his waiting somewhere in the Indian Ocean until joined by the Third Division under Admiral Nebogoff. But Britons bred of the sea and with the savour of the ocean in their nostrils will accord a meed of sympathy and admiration to the Admiral who has thus gallantly pushed on to put his fortune to the test of battle. Without any attempt to conceal the movements of his squadrons, he has steamed through the straits which were supposed to harbour the destroyers of the enemy, and has thrust his armada into enclosed waters where he has no alternative but to conquer or to die.

It will be remembered that, until the receipt of the messages from Singapore announcing the arrival of the

Russian ships, no definite news of Rozhdestvensky's movements had been received since March 18, stating that the fleet had left Nossi Be two days previously for an unknown destination. The distance covered during those twenty-three days shows that the fleet must have moved across the Indian Ocean at an average rate of between six and seven knots, and that in all probability no stop was made during the passage. At the moment of writing there is still some doubt as to the exact composition of the fleet that passed within sight of Singapore. And further reports of divisions seen or expected in the Straits of Sunda have not tended to throw a light on this point. But of one thing we may be certain. The Russian Admiral is not likely to have weakened his force by separation of such a nature as would prevent one division coming to the assistance of the other if they were assailed by the enemy.

The real questions that interest at the moment are when and where the conflict will take place, and what will be its result. It is useless to speculate upon the replies to these questions when the circumstances are so little known. The very fact that the Russian Admiral means fighting signifies that he believes he has a chance of winning. Certainly he has had six

months wherein to train his officers and men, and to prepare his ships for battle. Looking at the *matériel* of war, it may be said that he has a slight superiority in battle-ships and in the heavy guns that battle-ships carry, but in no other respect can he be said to be a match for the force which the Japanese can put into line. Togo has four battle-ships, but he has also a superb fighting squadron of armoured cruisers, to meet which Rozhdestvensky has no force comparable in fighting power and battleworthiness. Similarly the torpedo flotillas of the two commanders relatively number exactly the proportion diametrically opposite to that which is required by the circumstances. The defending flotilla, instead of consisting of half-a-dozen vessels, while the assailants have ten times that number, should be the more numerous in relation to the work it has to do. As for the armed auxiliaries and unarmoured cruisers, their only value must be as a protective screen to the more effective fighting vessels against which the torpedo attack of the enemy may spend itself in vain. Turning to the *personnel*, to the directing brain in the conning-tower and to the man behind the gun, the advantage is all on the side of the Japanese.

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BILE BEANS FOR BILIOUSNESS being purely vegetable, are the safest family medicine, and a positive and permanent cure for Headache, Constipation, Piles, Pimples, Skin Eruptions, Blood Impurities, Influenza, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Liver Trouble, Bad Breath, Indigestion, Palpitation, Loss of Appetite, Flatulence, Dizziness, Buzzing in the Head, Debility, Sleeplessness, Nervousness, Anemia, and all Female Ailments. Obtainable of all Medicine Vendors, or post free from the Bile Bean Co., Redcross Street, London, E.C., on receipt of price, 1s. 10d.; large family size (containing three times quantity 1s. 10d. size) 2s. 6d. per box.



MRS. D. PARRY.

SAMPLES FREE.

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BILE BEANS



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LAZENBY'S SAUCE

has a reputation of over 100 years as the nicest and most delicate sauce for all kinds of fish, game, steaks, &c.

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S.E.

"Soap deferred maketh the dirt thick."

The Proprietors of WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP offer

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A Sovereign will be given to each of the 10 persons sending the BEST EXAMPLE of a PERVERTED PROVERB suitable for advertising a Soap.

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PERVERTED PROVERB: "Soap deferred maketh the dirt thick."

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The decision of the Managing Director must be considered final. Latest date for receiving replies, May 31st.

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The result will be advertised in the "Daily Mail" on June 30th.

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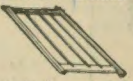
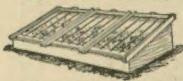
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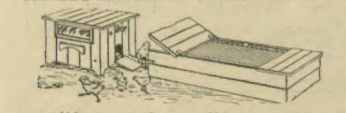
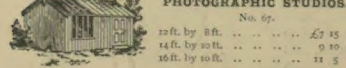
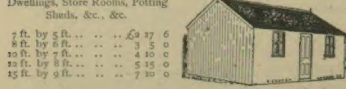
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A Laxative and Refreshing Fruit Lozenge,
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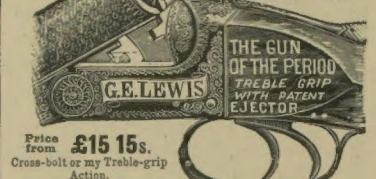
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